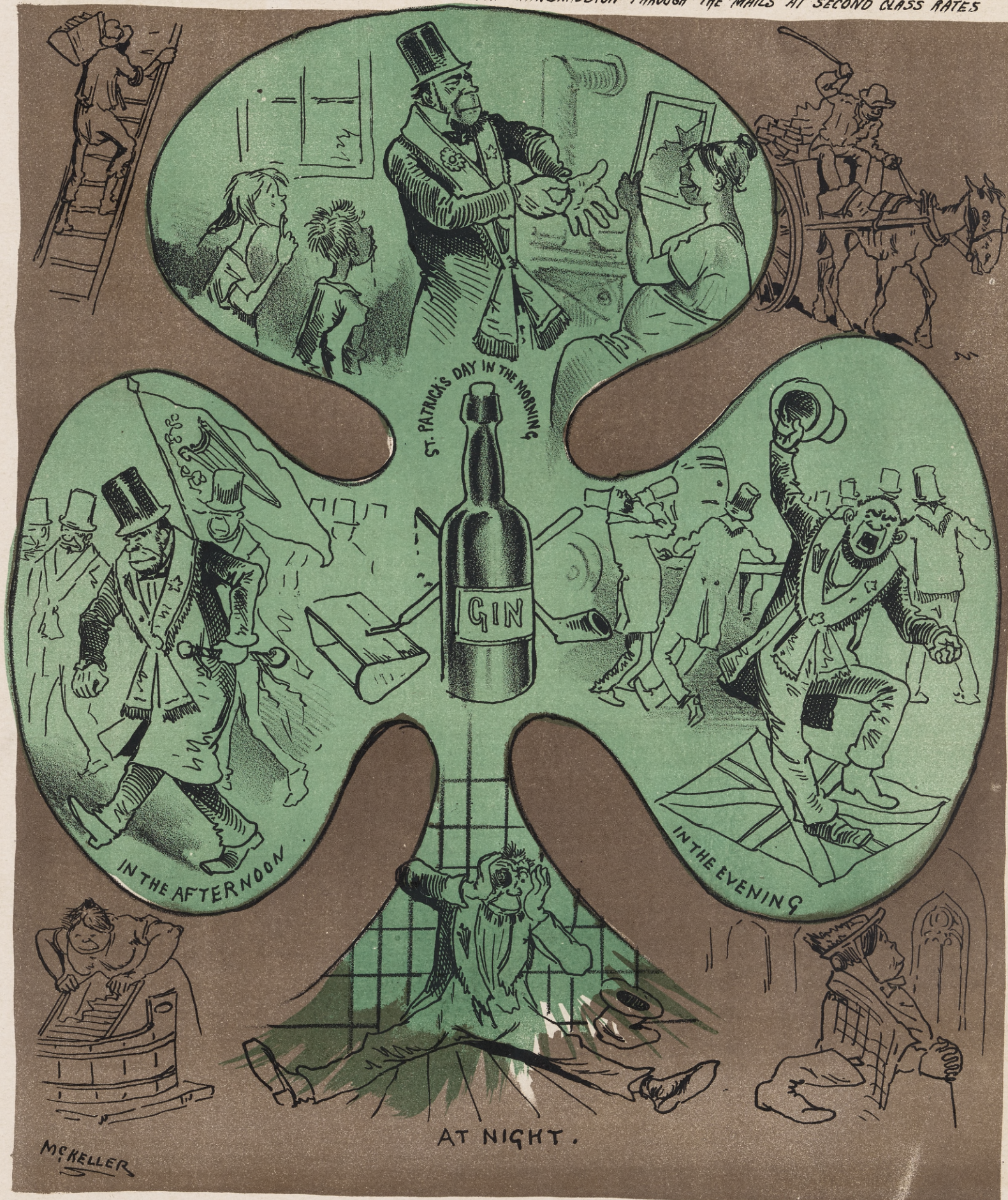


The West

SAN FRANCISCO MARCH 17TH 1883.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES



THE EVOLUTION OF PATRIOTISM.

THE DOG AND THE CELEBRITY.

"FOUND quite late on Saturday last,
As I from Merchant to Jackson passed,
A TERRIER DOG: owner's name
Not on the collar; whoe'er can claim
Can have by"—

Yes, I had found a dog;
One December night when drizzle and fog
Were above and around and underfoot
I stumbled over a draggled brute,
Kicked it away and hurried on,
Thinking the muddy mop was gone.
It wasn't; I tried to dodge it; no,
Wherever I went the dog would go.
So the only method I could devise
Was to take it home—and advertise.

In all the papers upon this coast—
The *Alta*, *Chronicle* and the *Post*,
The *Wasp*, *Examiner*, *Morning Call*,
The *News Letter*, *Bulletin*—yes, in all
I advertised that canine fiend
In whose behalf I'd intervened.

A week went past and nobody came;
A month; two months—there wasn't a claim,
And so I determined at last to sell it,
And having determined, needs must tell it—
Ass that I was—to the women folk,
And they with a voice unanimous spoke:
"What? sell wee doggie, the little pet!
And hadn't I come to love it yet?
The popsy-wopsy, intelligent creature,
So soft and woolly, so pretty of feature!
The playful doggie! and somebody'd get it
Who'd scold and beat it instead of pet it.
Surely I hadn't the heart; I couldn't;
Besides, it was really wrong; I shouldn't!"

When ladies say "shouldn't," always give in.
I always do; it saves my skin;
And saves a world of wild tongue-wagging,
And nattering, nasty, useless nagging.

We kept the dog and I rather guess
That a monkey insane would have plagued us less.
It ate the butter; it stole the meat;
It trod on books with its dirty feet;
It fought with the cat; it broke the bowls;
It grubbed the garden; it chased the fowls;
It tore the trousers of romping boys;
It crunched to chips the children's toys;
It trailed clean clothes through mud and mire;
It burnt its tail at the kitchen fire;
It leaped on the board when I played at chess;
It spoiled my daughter's divinest dress—
All mischief that ever all dogs have done
Was bundled up in that single one.

But the crowning mischief was now at hand:
We gave a dinner and gave it grand.
We bought the best Californian fruit,
Californian wine, and all to suit;
Californian turkeys, Californian quail,
Californian whisky, Californian ale;
In fact that meal was to represent
All in the State that was excellent.
It pinched and plagued me for half a year
Getting things gorgeous and good—and dear;
For there was coming, in all his state,
A live Celebrity, awfully great—
A man with a name and a handle to it,
And not a mere scribbling, hair-brained poet—
A man who came from England here,
Like a star fallen out of its heavenly sphere,
And expected worship, and got it too
From big and little and high and low.

The day of the dinner came at last,
And the dinner without a hitch went past;
The Celebrity praised our food, our drinks,
And looked as wise as an owl or the Sphinx;
And he pleased us much by saying that now
California's greatness he must allow,
And when he returned to his native land
He'd give the British to understand
That this, indeed, was an El Dorado,
And put all other lands into shadow.
We'd been terribly anxious not to offend,
And thought this great man might be our friend.

But destiny willed that it shouldn't be,
As I will proceed to let you see.

We were talking; and there the Celebrity sate,
Speaking like Justice, and heard like Fate,
But beginning to thaw, like a man who has dined,
When that cursed terrier came behind,
As on balanced chair the Celebrity swung,
Caught at the coat that so temptingly hung,
Looked round with a look indescribably knowing
And pulled! The Celebrity found himself going;
Gave a startled cry and clutched at the table
To keep from falling, but wasn't able.
And table-cloth over, Celebrity under,
Down he went with a crash like thunder!

Then stared the gentles and shrieked the dames,
I called the dog some unprintable names;
It stared at the mischief it had done,
Half in astonishment, half in fun;
Then—horror! before the Celebrity rose,
It went and quite gravely smelt at his nose!
Somebody tittered: more titters came after,
And then it ended in roars of laughter.

What endless methods we tried to assuage
The fallen Celebrity's smothered rage!
He turned it off with a careless joke,
But his smile was a quivering grin as he spoke.
He sat in his chair in most solemn pose,
And ever he furtively rubbed his nose.

The party broke up: the Celebrity went,
And for good; in vain invitations were sent,
In vain we visited him at the Palace—
He treated us all as if bearing malice.
We offered apology, told our pain,
And flattered by proxy—all in vain.
We tried him on every conceivable tack,
But the lost Celebrity never came back.

San Francisco, March 7, 1883.

—JAMES BURNLEY.

COMMISSIONS GALORE.

MY DEAR MR. WASE: I am impressed with the idea that one main object of your peculiar journal is to enable wise men, in print, to give briefly the best of advice or rebuke, as the case may be, to the Human Family. That's where I am.

In such attitude permit me to say that our California State government, with its numerous, mostly useless, commissions for looking into every body's business is rapidly becoming a paternal government; that is, so to say, a government of daddy at the top and "pap" at the bottom. We have now Railroad Commission, Bank Commission, Vine Commission, Bug Commission, Fish Commission, Statistics Commission, proposed Bee Commission, etc., etc. All these commissioners—whose name will soon be legion—have to be paid. Our later Legislatures have been on the fritter, like a big, lucky miner who goes on an American-eagle spree in the morning of one day, with a handful of twenties, and cannot tell, on the morning of the second day, why, how, or where his money went. He has, however, the flat proof in his empty pocket that the coin is gone; yet he knows that he did not spend a large amount of money in any one place. He was on the fritter. Now, our very latest Legislature, with all its pretensions to economy, its rumagings, examinations and parading, has got away with nearly or quite as much of the people's coin as have some of its most odious predecessors.

As a ruralist I will take one matter—the Horticultural Commission. The money spent on that matter is wasted. The farmer does not want a *guardian* appointed by State law—a perpetual, paid *guardian*. What the farmer wants is vernacular information. Give him light, and like the Ajax of our prosperity—which he likely is—he asks no more. He is capable of attending to his own business, bugs and all. But box-makers, like Cooke of Sacramento, and tin-peddlers, of many other places, who call themselves horticultural societies and entomologists, are not capable of bearing the light at the head of the procession. The money paid to such men will never eradicate the insects of this State. That money is lost to the public.

When the farmer, with such light as long years of labors a-field had given him, made a name and a market for California fruits, then came these

box-makers, tin-peddlers and University gowks with their State airs and palavers, and introduced among us, at Sacramento, the dreaded codlin moth and phyloxera. Then, having introduced their pets, they rush into the Legislature howling for money and more money to kill the pests. Previously to the time when these fancy salaried fellows awoke to the appalling results of their own ignorance, the farmer, for years, had fought and conquered the tinted caterpillar—than which no more frightful insect ravages the orchards—and many other enemies. The farmer had learned the ways and wars of his enemies; but when the tin-peddlers, who call themselves horticulturists, with the box-makers, introduced the new enemies the farmer was, at first, at a loss what to do. But the farmer did not want nor ask for a *guardian*. What did we want? Knowledge how to kill the new enemy. That is all he wanted; that is all he needed; all he now needs. It is the paid University of California which should have given that knowledge without calling in the Legislative assistance of the box-makers and tin-peddlers. But some years ago, as I well know, when a farmer sent to the agricultural tail of the University a small, neatly packed collection of devastating insects, the package and the queries were coolly handed over to the *janitor* of the Museum. The janitor did his best, I suppose, by advising the use of a small boy in the orchard. The proprietor of that orchard, with a gang of Chinese, in two insect seasons, and at a cost of over \$200, abated the pest which the janitor thought equal to a boy. In that case, as in most others, the farmer worried along successfully without aid from the University, the box-makers, or the peddlers. And he can do it again. It seems to me that an average Legislator might, if such persons ever do such a thing, reflect a little and conclude that the intelligent agriculturists and their wives, in California, aided by their special journalists and journals, are equal to the familiar task of wisely minding their own homely business without the meddling, unconstitutional, domiciliary visitations of a box-maker, tin-peddler or University pensioner.

This Commissioner business is rapidly drifting our government away from the people into the hands of a few men. Please stick a pin, right there.

But if we must have commissions and commissioners, for sale or otherwise—if we *must* have 'em—I want a "skeeter" commission; because when I go from Horn Toad Valley up along the San Joaquin, to Visalia, the "skeeters" nearly take my scalp. The rapid action of my cerebration having roasted out a large area of my cranial covering, the "skeeters" herd heavily in the "clearing," so to speak, and render restful repose impossible. In plain English, a bald-headed person has no comfort or personal beauty in the summer of the San Joaquin.

SOLOMON OLDSTONE.

Horn Toad Valley, March 8, 1883.

Elizabeth McLaughlin was committed to the Insane Asylum last Monday. She imagines she's an angel, and is on the road to Heaven. If this is sound proof of insanity, we have not yet known a woman, who ought to be at large.

A Chicago woman says she has walked the streets of that city time and again at two o'clock in the morning without being addressed. She doubtless wore a scowl which indicated that she was gunning for her husband.

The story is told, it may or may not be true, that during a free fight in a Chicago saloon a man was shot in the mouth, but escaped injury through the ball flattening itself against his breath.

Reports from Ohio stating that a number of office-seekers had been drowned in the floods, have proved false. There is no flood so deep or fire so hot as to suppress the Ohio office-seeker.

A Russian, claiming to be a nobleman, has been arrested in Boston for getting money under false pretenses. Although speaking seven languages he was unable to tell the truth in any one of them.

Professor Proctor speaks of 84,000,000 years as calmly as any other man would remark of last Fourth of July. It is what has happened in the last fifty years that has worried most of us.

DARKNESS.

By Lord Byron, as It Were.

I had a dream which wasn't at all a dream :
 The street lamps were extinguished, and the stars
 Of the police were quenched, and every place
 Rayless and pathless ; and (with icy mirth
 Swung wild and threatening in the moonless air)
 The sand-club exercised its awful sway ;
 And men forgot their passions in the dread
 Of its administration. In all parts
 They killed each other selfishly by night.
 And they did lift out watches—breaking bones
 Of those who strove to keep them ; and the huts
 And habitations of all things that dwell
 Were broken into as the daylight gloomed ;
 And afterward men left their plundered homes
 To curse the Supervisors to their face.
 Even dogs forgot their masters, — all save one,
 And he was faithful to a corpse, and kept
 The rats and cats and other dogs at bay,
 And ate it all himself. At last but two
 In all of San Francisco did survive,
 And they'd been Supervisors. Close beside
 These dying members of a hated race
 Was heaped a mass of watches, seals and rings,
 Got by garroting ; and the two stacked up,
 There in the darkness, with their skeleton hands,
 The coins of which their fingers had bereft
 The gas-fund. Then one made a flame
 By striking matches, and they lifted up
 Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
 Each other's aspect : saw and grabbed and fled—
 Each with his plunder from the other fled,
 Well knowing who he was upon whose brow
 Long service in the Board had written Thief.

CHAINED TO A CORPSE.

I think I ceased to be mortal about nine o'clock on the night of February 11, 1854. At any rate that is the last date I recollect. Since I ceased to be what I was and became whatever I am, I have been unable so calculate the flight of time. The date I have mentioned (which is itself uncertain) may be a million cycles past, or it may be but an instant. I remember the events of my life as distinctly, in my present condition, as I did when that which has survived what mortals call death animated what afterwards became a corpse. When the impalpable disengaged itself from the palpable, darkness more intense than that which might envelop a sunless world seemed to enshroud the entity which had evaporated from the carcass it had inhabited until that moment. Memory alone survives—memory and a certain indescribable power of receiving impressions. I know that my body, after I left it, was removed from the place where the dissolution occurred. Dissolution? The word is not sufficiently comprehensive. It was only a partial dissolution. I cannot explain my meaning ; I cannot explain how I know that my body was removed, unless the statement that I was *impressed* with the knowledge, is comprehensible. But this I do know—wherever my dead body was conveyed there I followed. I was chained to the corpse of myself. I could see nothing, I could hear nothing. I realized that I possessed no more form or tangibility than the shadow of an invisible gas. And yet I was pervaded with the grief of my mother. I could feel it pressing upon me like a great weight which threatened to crush me. The sorrow of my sister filled me as my own sorrows had filled my mortal heart in my life time. But these intense griefs were not like my mortal soul-afflictions ; they were impressions—nightmares. I struggled to escape them, but they clung to me like the horrors of a frightful dream. How long I suffered thus I do not know, for, as I have said before, time is incomprehensible to me. Presently, however, the terrible oppression gradually worked off. A dull calm pervaded me. I seemed to be impressed with an idea that the sorrow of my mother and my sister had received consolation from some source, and that they had ceased to grieve.

But in place of the pangs of woe came other horrors. An invisible, but to me, sufficiently powerful force continued to bind me to my mortal remains as they decomposed in the grave. Every change which those remains underwent was as visible to me as if I had watched the processes with mortal eyes. As nature performed her labor of

transforming and dissolving the flesh of my body into the original elements, I realized the fact more acutely than I could possibly have realized it had I been mortal and observed the process in the body of another. I knew that out of the corruption of myself came hideous, crawling things, and each one of these corpse-parasites I knew was filled with that indefinable something or nothing which I am now. Perhaps I was too recently emancipated from the conditions which surrounded me in my mortality, but I could not help feeling a profound repugnance to my corpse in its decomposition. I was disgusted with that which had been myself. The most sensitive virgin gazing upon the ripe and ever ripening horrors of the dissecting table for the first time could not have felt as intensely as I did ; she could not have recoiled from the reality as presented to the vision of her eyes as I did from the impression conveyed from that thing of the grave to my impalpable, intangible being. Ages of an agony of disgust may have been crowded into instants of time—I cannot tell. I am only cognizant of the terrors and the helplessness of my situation.

But even this was as nothing to my surroundings. In that midnight of death were horrors unspeakable. All around me were souls, spirits, immortals, what you will, involuntarily clinging, like myself, to the corpses of what they had once been. From every direction, came frightful impressions like the emanations of slime-pools, almost shriveling my consciousness with their innate horror. From one I received the impression that I had committed a ghastly, cold-blooded murder ; and vividly, oh, so vividly, did the details of the crime come to me—as if I had witnessed the horrid deed as it was committed by another ; and then dreamed it over again—myself the murderer. And I knew every word of the solemn death warrant. I stood again upon the trap. I became conscious, as in a dream, of the rope about my neck, of the darkness of the black-cap that an instant after became the darkness of an eternity that can never extend to oblivion. This was the impression that flowed in upon me from murder, as it hovered close to its corpse. I felt that remorse was there, too—a remorse such as mortals can never feel until they become as this remorse is. Remorse for an ill spent life, remorse for the fate of the white-haired mother who even beyond the grave mourns, and will ever mourn, for the wayward boy whose excesses drove her, first to despair and then to death.

The shade of the suicide impressed me, and I felt that the crime or misfortune that urged the mortal to discard mortality found no surcease in the night of immortality, but was rather intensified by the knowledge that through all eternity memory would dwell with ever increasing tenacity upon every circumstance, every action, every thought, whether for good or evil, comprising the life he had so rashly abandoned. All this I realized, and more. I seemed to be pervaded by a malaria of crime, unclean thought, the memory of nameless deeds, ingratitude, avarice, illicit passion, unholy ambition, perjury, brutality, sensuality—every conceivable vice, every moral rottenness to which humanity is prone. I could feel nothing pure, nothing elevating ; all was degraded, immoral, deformed. Words cannot picture the ineffable woe that filled that awful place—that silent hell of eternal night. My own crimes, light as I had considered them before I became what I was, seemed to saturate me, and remorse, more poignant because I realized that it was eternal, was added to the other horrors ever flaming in upon me.

Then I knew that every immortality huddled there in the darkness of death was suffering for its own crimes, and causing every other soul to suffer in like manner. And hope had extricated itself from the essence, as the latter had been torn from the substance—as we, the life, the spirit, had been extracted from our bodies. Each addition to this community of sin-sodden souls was but another burden of crime, immorality, remorse, to be borne forever by every impalpable existence there.

But at last there came a thing so black, so foul, so diabolical, that crime itself might shudder and immorality draw back in affright. We who were as the viewless wind felt the approach of this disembodied crime—this unutterable blasphemy, as mortals feel the approach of a thunder cloud in the darkness of an impenetrable midnight. We crouched before it as the coward crouches before the terrors of the tempest. Our own woe was as nothing to the woe of this one, for it came drench-

ed with the tears of the widow, the orphan and ruined innocence. Scandal, slander and libel were its essence—treachery, revenge and hatred, its being. It had, during its mortal existence, through the medium of a widely circulated journal, carried sorrow to hundreds of hearts ; it had scattered the seeds of dissension and strife broadcast, sowing the wind and compelling the innocent and the virtuous to reap the whirlwind. It had erected a pyramid of infamy upon the summit of which murder itself had reared its gory form. But the avenger had come at last. I know not if in the past or in the future, for eternity is both, but in the twinkling of an eye this gigantic epitome of crime and woe was hurled to us—to pile sorrow and remorse still higher upon souls already crushed by the weight of thousands upon thousands of sorrows and remorses. Were hope not dead to us, a million writhing souls would cry out to the God of mercy for forgiveness, to the end that this horrible soul might be consigned to a hall of its own, leaving us to the beatific contemplation of our comparatively happy condition ere this Monster come to us.

ONE OF THE DAMNED.

San Francisco, March 10, 1883.

A THRIFTY EXHORTER.

Revivalists, it seems, do not save souls for nothing, and according to all accounts Mr. Harrison, "the boy-preacher," who was out here whacking at Satan some time ago, charges the godly a good round sum for every thump he gets in on the Adversary's vulnerable periphery. The *Chicago Inter-Ocean* speaks of him thus :

"If all the stories that are told about him are true, the revivalist Harrison, who has recently been ministering to the people of Decatur, should pray earnestly to be delivered from the sin of covetousness. Almost everywhere he goes he gets into a row about his pay. He charges \$100 a week for leading lost sheep into the fold, and insists upon payment in advance. While in Decatur he made short trips into neighboring towns to hold single meetings, for which his terms are \$25, and when the Committee on Finance attempted to deduct the amount he had received for outside meetings while he was in their employment, to use an ungodly expression, he 'kicked,' and demanded his full price per week, whether he gave full service or not. The disposition to mingle cupidity with a desire to rescue wayward souls has made Mr. Harrison considerable trouble heretofore. Last summer the good people of an Ohio town erected and furnished a house for him, wherein he might rest from his labors when his flesh grew weak, and were very much astonished to discover that he sold it and pocketed the money as soon as the property was conveyed to him."

The only valuable communication purporting to come from the other world thus far recorded in the annals of spiritualism is said to have been vouchsafed by a Chicago medium the other evening to a young man who, as one of the heirs of Anneke Jans, asked for the bottom facts about his inheritance. The medium handed him a slip of paper on which was written :

"With no design to scare
 Any dear expectant heir
 Who loves (and pays for loving) Grandma Anneke
 I want to give right here
 Expression to the fear
 That the outlook just ahead of us is panicky."

The credit which the Spiritualistic faith would otherwise gain from this admirable revelation is impaired by the moral certainty that it was shaped by the City Editor of *The Chicago Tribune*, in whose columns it is reported.

Apropos of our "Old Mother Hubbard" cartoon last week, a correspondent sends us the following version of the familiar rhyme, carefully corrected for this meridian :

Old Mother Hubbard
 Went to the cupboard
 To get her poor dogs a bone.
 When she got there
 The cupboard was bare—
 As some of her poor dogs had known.

Vide the disagreeable curs in the Street Department, *cum multis aliis caniculis*.

The Wasp

SATURDAY, - - - MARCH 17, 1883.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT 540 AND 542 CALIFORNIA ST., BELOW KEARNY, BY

E. C. MACFARLANE & CO.,
Proprietors and Publishers.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers - - - - - \$5 00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers - - - - - 2 50
One copy for thirteen weeks - - - - - 1 25
Postage free to all parts of the United States, Canada and British Columbia.

The country trade supplied by the San Francisco News Company.

All Postmasters are authorized to take subscriptions for the WASP, payable invariably in advance.

The following agents are authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the WASP: In Merced, Fresno, Tulare and Kern counties, Capt. J. W. A. WRIGHT. D. G. WALDRON, General Traveling Agent.

No questionable advertisements inserted in this journal.

The courts having dissolved their injunctions and restraining orders, the Board of Supervisors on Monday evening passed the Shirley order, making "a material reduction" in water-rates—a reduction somewhere between twenty and thirty per cent. of the rates now allowed. That appears to be about the fair thing. In drawing this order Mr. Shirley appears to have acted from a conscientious desire to do substantial justice to the people and the water company. The Strother order, while in many respects unobjectionable, was objectionable in this—it was drawn by Strother. This person has made himself so vigorously and variously offensive that any measure having the demerit of his approval and the disadvantage of his support is regarded with aversion and defeated with enthusiasm. With the passage of the Shirley order the warfare between the Board and the people on the one side, the Spring Valley Water Works and its kept editors on the other, ought to cease. It opened with Spring Valley holding the fort, but with a Grant-like promptitude the Board proposed to move immediately on its works. Had the courts not called a halt and given time for the cooling of passions it is probable that by the adoption of the Strother ordinance the stronghold would not only have been captured but the garrison massacred—which by their insufferable action in shutting off the water they did their level best richly to deserve. For the present, we believe, active hostilities are at an end, unless the water people have the hardihood again to assert practically their preposterous claim to the absolute ownership of the rains of heaven, by virtue of possessing the watershed underlying them—a claim by which they simply affirm a right to depopulate this city by death and exile. A second assertion of this monstrous claim will entail a swifter mischief and more lasting lesson than a "material reduction" of rates.

When your enemy is beaten the temptation to add good advice to his previous afflictions has all the force of opportunity. The Spring Valley Water Company has for many years been a public and persistent misdeed. That it has bribed our public officials in the large, wholesale way that its enemies charge we do not believe. It was not necessary: our public officials have generally been cheap men, strictly honest as to prices that they could not command. Strother's gabble of the Bayley ordinance having cost one hundred thousand dollars is ridiculous; it probably did not cost ten thousand. There is no evidence that even Carmany stepped out of the Ring with more than

a modest competence, barely sufficient to keep him out of the penitentiary. But the way that the company has lied about the value of its works, the cost of operating, repairs and extensions, has constituted a public offense against morals. It has always talked in millions, except to the Assessor. No estimate, from that of surveying a pipe line to that of putting in a hydrant, was deemed sufficiently gorgeous unless glorified with at least five naughts, with compound interest from the time of Adam. One glittering estimate was never permitted to stand in the way of the next; the property which for one temporary and trivial purpose was valued at ten millions was for another sworn at fifteen. This figure-sliding has had at last its inevitable result—nobody believes a word the Company's officers say, and rates have been fixed regardless of their private system of arithmetic and the method of book-keeping which they appear to have received by divine inspiration.

Their most exasperating offence has been the policy of subsidizing newspapers. It has deceived nobody and has antagonized the journals which they could not, or would not, subsidize. Some of the latter have even been driven by disappointment to the desperate expedient of telling the truth. The Company must abandon this disreputable and ineffectual policy and utter its mind otherwise. A communication signed by one of its own officers has ten times the weight of any editorial opinion that it can dictate to any journal that it can purchase. It is not for us to lay down the law to a corporation in which we hold no stock, but we are publishing a kind of a fool newspaper on a tolerably honest basis, and we are not enamored of anything which gives the other fool newspapers advantages of which we deem it inexpedient to demand a share. Within the limits of truth and right reason we shall antagonize any corporation or person that subsidizes our competitors.

To-day the streets of this American city will be gorgeous with banners bearing foreign devices and resonant with foreign patriotic melodies. The emblems of another nationality will be borne side by side with those of our own country, aptly betokening a divided allegiance to two political traditions—the one inexpressibly dear to every American patriot, the other offensive to the moral sense of every American gentleman. To the former the stars and stripes of our national banner symbolize an honorable struggle in the open field; the victory of an heroic people over equal valor and superior numbers enlisted in the cause of tyranny; the growth of a great power and the co-ordinate development of liberal ideas, priceless to the well-being of man. The green flag with its blazonry of harp or sunburst or shamrock, or whatever else the fancy of its followers may choose to decorate it with, is, to the thoughtful understanding, typical of mischievous elequence; of servant girls robbed by decamping orators; of mutilated cattle; of blazing grain-ricks; of blunderbusses poked through hedges; ships freighted with human lives sent to the bottom with cowardly dynamite; gouts of gentlemen's blood in public parks; farmers wives savagely widowed and bailiffs' broods brutally orphaned—epochs of declamation, epochs of plunder, epochs of assassination, and one present regime of all three. This strange and awful conjunction of emblems—this incestuous marriage of Liberty with License, will be witnessed with delight by thousands of reputable American citizens with never a thought of its terrible incongruity and menacing significance. The brainless voter, the selfish politician and the cowardly editor will equally applaud, and the Irishman's wrongs—God knows they are deep and dark enough, both those

that he suffers and those that he inflicts—will elicit the usual annual lament from a prosperous and happy people having no knowledge of the matter and no substantial interest in it beyond the opportunity to insult a friendly power across the seas and conciliate a turbulent element at home—an element that masters where it can, and where it cannot master—murders.

There is not any country, under any kind of government, in which the Irish are content—in which they are not dangerous in proportion to their powers and opportunities. There is not any American city in which their dominance is not marked by misrule. Delighting in disorder and enamored of anarchy, they are the "kickers" of creation. They live upon special grievances and die with a mouthful of general objections. That there are many Irish gentlemen and ladies goes without saying; we speak of the ruck of immigrants that spill themselves across the seas, leaving their hearts behind them—men and women born to turbulence and proof against liberty. *Cæcum, non animam, mutant, qui trans mare currunt*—the Irish leopard cannot change his spots.

The suit of Mrs. Ralston against Ex-Senator Sharon has been compromised, the defendant surrendering, it is currently believed, something like a quarter-million dollars' worth of property. That the late Mr. Ralston ever had a moral right to ten cents' worth of this property we take the liberty to doubt; but Mr. Sharon evidently had not even a legal right. He is not the man to let go of anything that he can hope to hold. It is not as a philanthropist, but as a statesman, that his name will be "inscribed upon the page of history"; and even then, it is feared, Posterity will absently inquire, Who was Sharon? and turn the leaf without "pausing for a reply." When Mr. Ralston, having embezzled a matter of five millions, made his memorable choice between North Beach and San Quentin, the whole salvation-army of commercial and literary tramps whom the bounty of that incomparable almoner and sovereign "bank chasher" had endowed with broken meats from other peoples' kitchens saw something divinely generous in the way that Mr. Sharon dumped his private means into the aching void at the corner of California and Sansome streets, and the echoes of their praise-service are still knocking about in the vacant interspaces of the public understanding. All the same, every man having knowledge of the circumstances knows that Mr. Sharon's contribution was about as voluntary as that of a mediæval Jew undergoing the gentle suasion of a dentist-in-ordinary to a needy king. It is matter for general congratulation that the fellow's molars and incisors have again felt the stress of the forceps—an instrument which in the fair hand of Mrs. Colton will probably evoke even more abundant returns from the reluctant patients with whose dental outfits she is herself toying.

For a week or two rumors have been rife that this paper was for sale, and these have given rise to animated differences of opinion as to its ownership. Several gentlemen have signified their wish to purchase, their proposals having been made with a mannerly delicacy that disclosed their doubt as to whether they were applying in the right quarter. The rumors mentioned have this basis of truth: Mr. E. C. Macfarlane has sailed for Honolulu with the hope of recovering his health by a short season of rest, and the paper has not been, and is not now, for sale. The ownership remains where it has been for two years past, and where it is likely to be for a long time to come, if God is willing. We take the liberty to suppose He is.

PRATTLE.

A solemn evidence of the financial straits to which this city has been reduced is the removal of the street-guides from the lamp-posts. It is a "measure of economy" which "reflects great credit" upon the authorities, but it adds a terror to the situation. The man whose bewildered feet have borne him in devious courses all night, while his eyes with mad disquietude sought six ways for the glimmer of dawn, finds himself in receipt of a magnificent disappointment when at last it comes. The illiterate lamp-post is sternly reticent to his questioning. It knows where he is, but it will not tell him, and he grieves. But anon, as he gazes, the naked aspect of its unfamiliar spire impresses him. Its slender finger pointing skyward seems to say: "Not here, O child of darkness—not along these desolate and misleading ways lies your true course. Leave off meandering in by and forbidden paths, and go to heaven." "Go to the other place!" he mutters, losing his soul without finding his body, and the hands which removed the street-guides from the lamp-posts are imbrued in the gravy of an immortal part.

The man who does not disbelieve that Mr. Fleet Strother refused a bribe of fifty cents is "wanted." He is described as singularly straight in figure, with thin, sharp features, prominent cheek-bones, eyes deeply sunken and an exceedingly pallid complexion. When last seen he was closely shaven and wore a pair of black trousers, a white shirt and an expression of profound peace. In short, the man is dead.

The ruffian who assailed Judge McKinstry has demanded a jury trial on the charge of carrying concealed weapons, and means to contest the validity of the ordinance prohibiting it, on the ground that it is in conflict with the Federal Constitution. The language of that instrument, I believe, is, "The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." The ordinance, therefore, is simply, clearly, conspicuously, indisputably and self-evidently unconstitutional. No legal ingenuity, no wrenching of words from their true meaning, no plausible guessing at intent, no superstructure of argument upon a basis of assumption, can for a moment, cloud the crystalline lucidity of that sentence; it prohibits the prohibiting of carrying weapons, concealed or unconcealed, and it does nothing else. Having said so much for his encouragement, I hope the ruffian mentioned will permit me to add that fifty courts have at various times decided that laws prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons are constitutional.

Are judges, then, fools? Well, they are, mostly, and commonly they are liars in addition, and a majority of them are rogues. But it is neither as a fool, nor as a liar, nor as a rogue that this ruffian's judge will affirm the constitutionality of an unconstitutional ordinance. He will do it as a respecter of precedent.

A precedent, my little ruffians, is the most respectable thing in the world, for it has no binding force, but sways by the stress of professional etiquette; precisely as the first monkey that leaps into the stream determines the point at which all shall leave it on the other side. It is revered for its priority and observed for its badness. A decision, for illustration, that is obviously just and legal cannot become a true precedent. There may be a parallel decision, but there is the law for that. It is only when a decision is to be rendered for which there is no law that your true precedent rears its venerated head and gives the Jovian, ir-

revocable nod. American law, which is based upon English law, which is based upon French law, which is based upon Roman law, has the advantage of hoarier precedents than English law, which has the advantage of hoarier precedents than French law, which has the advantage of hoarier precedents than Roman law, under which Pontius Pilate had himself to establish a precedent by convicting a prisoner in whom he found no sin.

The Assembly passed a resolution asking the Governor to pardon all the Chinese convicts in the State Prison, on condition that they return to China forthwith. When a legislative committee was investigating State Prison affairs some weeks ago, a number of the convicts attempted to escape by mingling with the members as they passed out the gate, but all were circumvented by the ingenious expedient of calling the roll of the committee and collaring the fellows who most promptly answered. This resolution looks like a similar scheme on the part of the Assembly to get a free passage to the Flowery Kingdom by mingling with the Mongolian convicts.

The idea had its origin in the brain of that illustrious jurist, Mr. Hugh R. McJunkin, who must be held guiltless of hoping to beat his way to China. His resemblance to a Chinese convict is not close enough to carry him farther than Yokohama.

Supervisor Fleet Strother hurls back the allegation that his grammar is faulty. Unfortunately he hurls it back in faulty grammar.

The stupidity of the clergy is deep, dark, measureless. Their minds are impenetrable alike to knowledge and to reason. The demonstrations of science and the commonest facts of observation are mysteries to the solution of which they bring but a blind incapacity and a stubborn immobility of the understanding. They believe nothing that is worth believing, because they know nothing that is worth knowing, discern nothing that is worth discerning. One day in seven they render intellectually hideous by utterance of the reasonless trash that their rag-picking faculties have gathered from the world's dumping-grounds during the other six. I fatigue of their holy nonsense and fall incurably ill of themselves.

I am moved to these remarks by last Sunday's sermons, as published in the Monday newspapers. Of one pious ignoramus in particular, I observe that he laid uncommon stress upon the hoary proposition that all the arrangements of nature are intelligently adapted to the needs of man—a proposition which even the optimist who wrote "Whatever is right" felt constrained to demolish in two lines:

While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pampered goose.

If there is a God—a proposition that the wise are neither concerned to deny nor hot to affirm—nothing is more obvious than that for some purpose known only to himself he has ordered all the arrangements of this world utterly regardless of the temporal needs of Man. Considered as a habitation of man, this earth is about the worst that a malevolent ingenuity, an unquickened apathy or an extreme incapacity could have devised. In the first place, three fourths of its surface is given over to an environment in which man cannot breathe. In only a comparatively narrow belt of the remainder can he exist with occasional intervals of comfort, while in vast regions he cannot exist at all. The most habitable portions are scourged by storms, infested by savage animals and noxious

reptiles and insects, cursed with recurrent plagues, subject to earthquakes, inundations and preachers. A third of the time all are whelmed in darkness, during which a cat is better of than Man.

Man is engaged all his life in bitter warfare with a million energies that conspire to kill him. Let him rest upon his weapons, let him relax his vigilance, let him commit his defence to the Power that has organized the attacking forces, and he is gone. Under the most favorable conditions, and despite the exercise of his wisest prudence, the enemy wears him out; he tumbles wearily into his grave, and above his battered carcass some smirking preacher iterates the offensive platitudes to which the dead man's every experience has appended the comment, *Quid est absurdum*.

In proof of nature's beautiful adaptat on of means to ends, some reverent naturalist of the old school—I think it was that distinguished scientist, Nolly Goldsmith—points to the apt illustration of the elephant, who, his neck being too short to enable him to gather food at his feet, has thoughtfully been supplied by Providence with a proboscis. On the other hand, it may be added in the same admiring spirit, the giraffe having no proboscis Providence has generously endowed him with a long neck. Both are marked examples of creative skill, and so, equally, is the hippopotamus who has neither neck nor proboscis. But he does not need them, saith the preacher; he feeds on roots and water-weed. It is not easy to see how, with his penury of appliances, he could get anything else; but he will take an apple if you chuck it at him, and thank you with a smile like a country churchyard.

If he wasn't a preacher he mistook his calling who stated that a single swallow would devour in one year ten million insects, citing it as an example of how abundantly Providence supplies means to sustain the lives of his creatures.

The human hand—how admirably it performs all its functions! Does it? Can you crack a cocoon with it, or lift a dead mule over a fence? Did you ever try the second time, Mr. Preacher, to drive a screw with your thumb-nail? It would be merry to see you travel over to Sausalito on those neatly adapted legs which the serious damsels of your congregation so justly admire. My brother, you have to get a steamboat. Be so uncommonly good as to observe that in this imperfect world the end is adapted to the means. We do not the things we will, but the things we can. Out of millions which it would advantage us to be able to do, our feeble powers permit us to accomplish here and there one. For my part, I entertain a conviction that it would inure to the general welfare, and to my private satisfaction, to tumble some of the more brainless preachers out of the pulpits and make them go to work. Providence having denied me the power, why am I not compensated with a proboscis?

A fatal street fight was caused the other night by adverse criticisms upon the singing of four young men by five other young men, one of whom carried an accordion. It was one of the singers who was slain, and that ought, I am sure, to be considered a very proper selection; but if two might have been killed nearly any intelligent spectator would have told off the accordion man for the second. If there is anything wickedder than the night-blooming vocalist it is the long, malicious infillation of the deslumbering accordion.

A TRIANGULAR LITERARY RIOT.

Who Wrote "The Heathen Chinese"?

A few months ago the literary editor of the New York *Tribune* stated that Professor Burlis, of the Michigan University, had made a remarkably clever Latin version of Mr. Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinese." The next week the New York *Times*, with a laudable desire to show its superior enterprise and get ahead of its rival, published the whole of Professor Burlis's version, and singularly clever it appeared to be. Like the original, it was in ten stanzas of six lines each, the rhymes alternate, and the fifth unrhymed. It had a great vogue, and on the strength of the reputation it gave him, the learned Professor felt justified in resigning from the University and taking to the "lecture field." He is now a millionaire. His claim to the authorship of the Latin version was of course not suffered to pass unchallenged; the illustrious author of "The Beautiful Snow" disputed it warmly, endeavoring to prove that he was himself the author, but his pretensions were disregarded by most scholars on the ground that he was already sufficiently famous and his lectures well attended.

But Professor Burlis is not permitted to rest upon his laurels. An anonymous writer in *Notes and Queries* has been rummaging among the Harleian manuscripts, and affirms that he has found that identical poem. It was written, according to this authority, in the Thirteenth Century by Clement Constantius, a Benedictine monk. In order to supply ammunition to both the friends and the foes of Professor Burlis, who are hotly discussing the question of his alleged plagiarism, that sturdy controversialist, Dr. Jerome Hart, of the *Argonaut*, having carefully collated the evidence on both sides boldly expresses the opinion that this is a matter that, without detriment to the interests of his journal, may be left to the private judgment of the reader. Dr. Hart prints the first stanza of each Latin version by way of assisting the reader in making up his mind. That of Professor Burlis is as follows:

Quod volo observare,
Habenda lingua clare,
Ut viis pro obscuris,
Et jactis pro perduris,
Peculiaris est paganus Chinaensis—
Quod surgam monstraturus.

That of Father Clement Constantius runs thus:

Quod volo observare,
Habenda lingua clare,
Ut viis pro obscuris,
Et jactis pro perduris,
Peculiaris est paganus Chinaensis—
Quod surgam monstraturus.

Incidentally, in connection with this subject, it occurred to Mr. Bartlett of the *Bulletin* that Mr. Bret Harte might himself need some defense in the matter if it should prove that the work of the Thirteenth Century Benedictine monk is genuine. Mr. Bartlett therefore took up the cudgels for the Californian bard and made it very warm for "a certain pretender to literary honors," as, with his characteristic and terrible directness, he termed that holy father. In order to support Mr. Harte's claim to originality the combined intellect of the *Bulletin* staff was addressed to the work of translating the stanza last above given into vernacular prose. The result is as follows:

Which I wish to observe, and my language is clear, that for ways that are obscure and for tricks that will not work, the Heathen Chinese is unique—which the same I get up and am about to show.

Certainly there is a wide and apparently irreconcilable divergence between this and Mr. Harte's work; and Mr. Bartlett justly points out that he himself could have read the stanza of Father Constantius a thousand times without it having inspired him to write anything like Harte's "Heathen Chinese." He thinks it might possibly have suggested to his mind, or to that of Mr. Upton, an editorial article on "Homes in the Foothills," or one on the exactions of the Spring Valley Water Company, but that it certainly is an insufficient basis upon which to found so grave a charge as plagiarism.

If that is so, Mr. Bartlett seems to us to have acted with singular indiscretion in having himself raised the question of Mr. Harte's literary honesty, for many scholars will be driven by mere dislike of Mr. Bartlett to antagonize anybody that he defends; and Professor Mike de Young may carry this reprehensible feeling to the extreme point of

asserting that Mr. Harte is not only a convicted plagiarist but a leper. The question having been raised, however, we deemed it a sacred duty to clear it up. With a view to that consummation, we addressed a note to that eminent literary authority, Mr. Warren Cheney, of the *Warmedoverland Monthly*, asking for his judgment in the case. After carefully balancing all the evidence, Mr. Cheney sent us the following note:

I cannot think there has been any plagiarism in this matter on the part of either Professor Burlis or Mr. Harte. You will observe that in the early Latin verses of Father Constantius the word "Paganus" is written with a capital P. In that of Professor Burlis this is not so. That, I take it, sufficiently disposes of the charge of plagiarism, so far as the latter author is concerned. As for Mr. Harte, the fact that he was for a long time connected with the *Overland Monthly* is an unimpeachable warrant of his literary honesty.

This, certainly, was satisfactory testimony, but in order to dispel all doubt we wrote to the eminent historian, Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft, enclosing all the data herein given, and asking from him an opinion which (as the judgment of an author whose learning had been recognized by degrees conferred upon him by all the great colleges and universities of Europe and America) would command universal respect. Mr. Bancroft replied:

Sir—I can employ my time and strength to better advantage than in learning either Latin or English. My assistants are for the most part employed in abstracting and collating that kind of knowledge for me. I have not therefore taken the trouble to read either Father Constantius or Professor Burlis, and life is too short for me to understand Bret Harte. The charge of plagiarism, however, is absurd. You will observe that the three poems were written in this order: 1—that of Father Constantius; 2—that of Bret Harte; 3—that of Professor Burlis. This conclusively establishes the validity of Professor Burlis to the authorship of all. The other gentlemen must be regarded as his assistants, employed by him in the mere mechanical labor of collecting his material and writing his immortal poem. I am very truly yours.

H. H. BANCROFT. X His Mark.

That seems definitively to settle it, and dispose of Professor Burlis's slanderers. By right of posterity he is the undoubted author of all three forms of the famous poem, and both Mr. Bartlett, of the *Bulletin*, and the anonymous writer in *Notes and Queries* are hereby beseeched to give us a rest.

LITTLE JOHNNY.

My Uncle Ned, wich has been in— wen I had rwote jest that far Uncle Ned hisself he come in, and he loked over my sholder, and tuke hole of my arm, and helled it. And then he said, Uncle Ned did, "Johnny," and I sed wot did he want.

Uncle Ned he said, "Johnny, you were a goin to rwite something a bout me havin been in the penitentiary. Now dont you dny it, cause I know yure stile, and and I havent never been put in. It was all a mistake arisin from my bein a Demmicrat."

Then I spoke up and sed wot was a Demmicrat, and Uncle Ned he sed, "Johnny, Ime sprised and paned at sech iggerance in a rwiter for the public press. Now you jest lisen to your Uncle Ned, wich has been in Injy and every where. One time a feller he was a traveling a long a road and he see a other feller a settin on a stump, a suckin eggs. The travel feller he sed to the suck feller, 'Do you think them things is helthy?' Then the suckin feller he sed 'I haint herd em complain any.'

"Then the travel feller he thot a wile and then he said a other time, 'Ime a mity hungry man, wot wil you take for the eggs wich is left?'

"The suckn feller he sed twenty cents, and the man give it to him, and he put it in his pocket, but jest went on a suckin, all the same.

"The feller which had bot the eggs he was mighty mad, and he said, 'Gimme my eggs, you greedy galoot, and be lifely a bout it;' but the other feller he jest busted the end off of a other eg and said, 'How can I till I kanow which ones is a goin to be left?'

Then I ast Uncle Ned wot had all this rigmy roll got to do with wot a Demmicrat was, and he said, Uncle Ned did, "I dunno, Johnny, I dunno, but I gess if there was any Reppublican in that crowd it was the chap which set on the stump, cos us Demmicrats spoke for wot is left of this Guvment long ago as last fall, and we are gettin mity uneasy wile we wait."

And now I wil tell you a other little story a'bout eggs. Once there was a ole hen and she was a settin, and a boy which had found some snakes eggs

he took hern out of the nest wile she was gone to dinner and put the snakes eggs in. One night the eggs they all hatch and in the morning she seen the little snakes, wich was offe ugly. The ole hen she shook her head and wocked of and got the ole rooster and shode em to him and sed, "You see them dam worms? Wile I was a sleep las night they creeped under me, and they have sucked every last one of my eggs."

The ole rooster he looked a wile, mighty sollem out of his eyes, and then he said, the ole rooster did, "I never see a hen yet wich was without a excuse, but I gess its ol over tween you an me."

My sister's young man he tole me that, but I think he is a big fool for to see any thing funny about it.

ABED.

A Spanish Minister signalized his accession to power by going straightway to bed and staying there, lest he should be expected to do something. No English Minister ever adopted that ignoble expedient to escape performing his duties, but Walpole relates that William Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle once held counsel together in bed. Pitt had the gout and, as was his custom when so afflicted, lay under a pile of bed clothes in a fireless room. The Duke, who was terribly afraid of catching cold, first sat down upon another bed, as the warmest place available, drew his legs into it as he grew colder, and at length fairly lodged himself under the bed-clothes. Somebody coming in suddenly beheld "the two Ministers in bed at the two ends of the room, while Pitt's long nose and black beard, unshaved for some time, added to the grotesque nature of the scene." The Great Commoner was abed and asleep when Wyndham and others of his colleagues burst into his room and shook their chief out of his slumbers to tell him there was mutiny in the fleet, that the Admiral was a prisoner on board his own ship and in danger of death. Sitting up in bed, Pitt asked for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote: "If the Admiral is not released, fire upon the ship from the batteries," turned over on his pillow, and was asleep again before his disturbers were well out of the room. The shadow of death was upon Fox when George Jackson came for instructions before setting out for Germany, and followed so quickly on the heels of the servant announcing him that Mrs. Fox had only time to slip from her husband's side and take refuge in a closet. The interview proved longer than she expected or desired; and finding her signals of distress, in the shape of sundry little coughs, all unheeded, the prisoned lady had no resource but to tap on the closet panels and ask if the young gentleman was going, as she was perishing with cold. Looking at him with a smile, Fox bade Jackson farewell forever, and released his shivering wife from her unpleasant situation. — *Chamber's Journal*.

ON THE WHARF.

There is a bride among the passengers—a sweet thing, the soul of conscientiousness. When the question, "Anything dutiable?" is propounded to her, she appeals to Harry, standing by her side, with a confident, "You know." "But really I don't know, my dear. You can tell better what's in your trunks than I can," from Harry. "Oh, but how can I tell?" she continues in despair. "I don't know what is wanted. I have some presents for friends; some little things I bought for myself, but really I don't know." "Would \$50 cover the cost?" this from the staff. "I think it would, but perhaps you had better say \$60." "All right; you will swear to that?" "Yes; but please wait a minute; perhaps I ought to think again before I swear. "Oh, Harry, dear, is there anything I have forgotten? It would be so dreadful if I should swear to a lie. Let me see, [after a minute's mental calculation;] yes, I really think \$60 will cover the utmost." When the bride has vanished the Inspector takes occasion to remark, that this is quite an exceptional case. "Usually," he continues, "I must prefer a man's declaration to a woman's. As a rule, you can't depend much on women. They have no sense of responsibility, and with most of them the desire to smuggle something amounts to a mania."

Steinitz is the king bee at chess. We would like to play chess with him. We are not much on chess, but feel satisfied that he could beat us with our eyes shut.

REMOVAL.

The old and well known house of J. W. Tucker & Co. has removed to the corner of Kearny and Geary streets. Friends and the public will please take notice.



Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

A Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stomach. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of man woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3ct. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

No family should be without **LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS**. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists.



DR. SALFIELD'S
REJUVENATOR
Cures with unfailing certainty Nervous and Physical Debility, Vital Exhaustion, Weakness, Loss of Manhood and all the terrible results of abused nature, excesses and youthful indiscretions. It prevents permanently all weakening drains upon the system.

Permanent Cures Guaranteed.
Price, \$2.50 per bottle, or 5 bottles \$10.00 To be had only of **Dr. C. D. SALFIELD, 216 Kearny Street, San Francisco.**

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.
Sufficient to show its merit, will be sent to anyone applying by letter, stating his symptoms and age. Communications strictly confidential.

KIDNEY-WORT
IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and
LIVER

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure. In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

41- SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price \$1.

KIDNEY-WORT

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address **True & Co., Augusta, Maine.**

GREAT PACIFIC COAST MEDICINE.

TRY PFUNDER'S

DR. THOMAS HALL'S

PEPSIN WINE



BITTERS
ABSOLUTELY PURE

A delightful appetizer, giving tone and strength to the stomach, and as a tonic beverage it has no equal; will cure Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Fever and Ague, Biliousness, General Debility and kindred diseases.

This tonic is most beneficial in its results; it braces the system, creates an appetite, and destroys that wretched feeling of ennui which we constantly labor under in this enervating climate. The tonic for its medical qualities excels any other ever offered to the public, having taken the first premium at the fairs of Sacramento, San Jose, Stockton, Oakland and San Francisco for absolute purity, made from pure California Port Wine, Wine of P. psin and Elixir Calisaya.

For sale everywhere throughout the State. Depot at **JAMES H. GATES' drug store, cor. New Montgomery and Howard streets, San Francisco.**

38 COUGH MIXTURE TO TAKE
38 GERMAN LINIMENT
CURES ALL COLDS QUICKLY - TRY IT!
CURES ALL PAINS - NICE TO USE!
RHODES & CO., Druggists, San Jose, California.

DEALERS IN FURS.

Alaska Commercial Co.,

310 Sansome Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

WHOLESALE.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Ad- dress **H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine.**

220
222

BUSH STREET

224
226

CALIFORNIA FURNITURE

The Largest Stock---The Latest Styles.

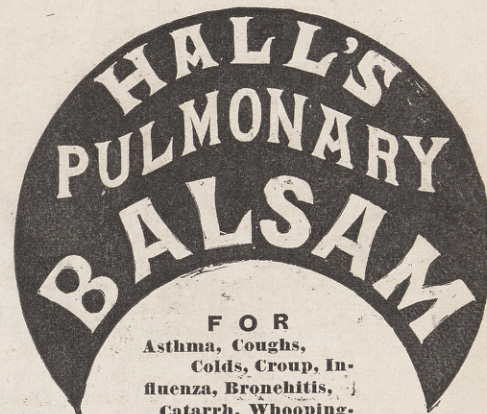
CALL AND SEE BEFORE PURCHASING!

GOODS SHOWN WITH PLEASURE.

MANUFACTURING COMPANY

LIVER AND KIDNEY REGULATOR.

OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER!



Cough, Loss of Voice, Incipient Consumption, and a Throat and Lung Troubles.

In nine cases out of ten, one dose taken at bedtime will effectually and permanently eradicate the severest form of INFLUENZA, COLD IN THE HEAD or CHEST. For Loss of Voice, Chronic Bronchitis, Cough of long standing, and Incipient Consumption, a longer use of it is required to effect a permanent cure.

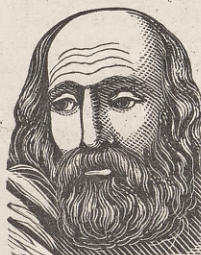
ASK FOR THE

California Hall's Pulmonary Balsam,
AND TAKE NO OTHER. Price, 50 Cents.

J. R. GATES & Co., Druggists, Prop'rs.
417 Sansome Street, cor. Commercial, S. F.

TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

Dr. Gibbon's Dispensary.



623 KEARNY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO—Established in 1854 for the treatment and cure of Special Diseases. Lost Manhood, Debility, or diseases wearing on body and mind, permanently cured. The sick and afflicted should not fail to call upon him. The Doctor has traveled extensively in Europe, and inspected thoroughly the various hospitals there, obtaining a great deal of valuable information, which he is competent to impart to those in need of his services. **DR. GIBBON** will make no charge unless he effects a cure. Persons at a distance may be CURED AT HOME. All communications strictly confidential. Charges reasonable. Call or write. Address **DR. J. F. GIBBON, Box 1957, San Francisco.** Say you saw this advertisement in the WASP.

H. R. MACFARLANE.

GEO. W. MACFARLANE.

G. W. Macfarlane & Co.

IMPORTERS AND
Commission Merchants.

FIRE-PROOF BUILDING, 52 QUEEN STREET, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

I CURE FITS

When I say cure, I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address **Dr. H. G. ROOT, 188 Pearl Street, New York.**



IN AMERICA.

ST. PATRICK

Wasp



McKELLER

STARK'S DAY.

IN IRELAND.

SACRAMENTO ADVERTISERS.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS—BAKER & Hamilton, Manufacturers and Importers of Agricultural Implements, Hardware, etc., 9 to 15 J street, Sacramento. *Best* The most extensive establishment on the Pacific Coast. Eastern office, 88 Wall street, New York.

BRUCE HOUSE, 1018 J STREET, BET. 10TH & 11TH, Sacramento, Cal. P. C. Smith, proprietor. Board and Lodging, per week, \$5. Board, per week, \$4. Meals, 25 cents. *Best* All kinds of cold and hot drinks on hand.

COLUMBUS BREWERY, WAHL & HOSS, JR., Proprietors, corner Sixteenth and K streets, Sacramento. Christ. Wahl, John Hoss, Jr.

CLAUSS & WERTHEIMS' BOCA-BEER EX-change. Sole agency for the Boca Brewing Company. Large Bottling Establishment. Orders promptly attended to. 411 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

D. MOTT'S WILD CHERRY TONIC IN-creases the appetite, prevents indigestion, strengthens the system, purifies the blood and gives tone to the stomach. *Best* No family should be without it. Wilcox, Powers & Co., wholesale dealers and importers of choice liquors, sole agents, 505 K street, Sacramento.

FOUND AT LAST—AN INFALLIBLE HAIR Restorer. It reproduces a growth of Hair to Bald Heads when the root, however feeble, is left. Gives Gray Hair its Natural Color. I warrant this Restorative as harmless. *Best* Prepared and sold by Henry Fuchs, 529 K street, Sacramento, and C. F. Richards & Co., wholesale druggists, San Francisco.

GOGINGS' FAMILY MEDICINES ARE RECOM-mended by all who use them for their effectiveness and purity of manufacture. *Best* His CALIFORNIA RHEUMATIC CURE has no equal. Depot, 904 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

GROWERS OF SEEDS AND TREES—W. R. Strong & Co., Commission Merchants and dealers in Farm Produce; Fruits at wholesale; also, general Nurserymen and growers of the choicest Seeds, Trees, etc. *Best* One of the oldest and most reliable houses on the Pacific Coast. Catalogue free on application. J street, near Front, Sacramento, Cal.

H. WACHHORST (Sign of the Town Clock), WATCH-maker and Jeweler, Importer of Diamonds, Jewelry and Silverware. Established since 1850 and well known all over the Coast for reasonable prices and superior quality of goods. *Best* Watch repairing a specialty. Care given to the selection of Bridal, Wedding and Holiday Presents. 315 J street (north side) between 3d and 4th, Sacramento, Cal.

L. K. HAMMER, 820 J STREET, SACRAMENTO, Cal., agent for Chickering Pianos, Wilcox & White's Organs. A complete stock of Musical Merchandise, Sheet Music, Music Books, etc., constantly on hand. *Best* Strings a specialty.

PACIFIC WHEEL & CARRIAGE WORKS, J. F. Hill, proprietor, 1301 to 1323 J street, Sacramento. Manufacturer of Carriages and Carriage Wheels, Gears, Bodies, etc. *Best* A large stock constantly on hand.

SAMUEL JELLY, WATCHMAKER, IMPORTER and Dealer in Fine Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry and Silverware. This is one of the oldest and most reliable houses west of the Rocky Mountains. First established in 1850. 422 J street, Sacramento. *Best* Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired with great care.

STATE HOUSE, COR. K AND 10TH (NEAR THE State Capitol) one of the most home-like hotels in the city. Good rooms, good table. Board and Lodging, \$6 to \$12 per week. Family Rooms, \$1 to \$2.50. Meals, 25 cents. Free omnibus. Street cars pass the house every 5 minutes. H. Eldred, proprietor.

THE RED HOUSE TRADE UNION, 706-714-716 J street, Sacramento. Branch 93 and 95 D street, Marysville. C. H. Gilman, proprietor. *Best* The largest retail house on the Pacific Coast. The originator of the "One Price"—goods being marked in plain figures.

W. M. LYON (SUCCESSOR TO LYON & Barnes), Dealer in Produce, Vegetables, Butter, Eggs, Green and Dried Fruits, Cheese, Poultry, Honey, Beans, etc., 123-125 J street, Sacramento.

HENRY TIETJEN.
HENRY AHRENS. TH. V. BORSTEL.
CHICAGO BREWERY
1420-1434 FINE ST NEAR POLK
Henry Ahrens & Co
PROPS

STOCKTON ADVERTISERS.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR "SPERRY'S NEW Process Flour"—the very best in use. Office, 22 California street, San Francisco, and corner Levee and Broadway, Stockton. Sperry & Co. proprietors.

VON THEATER, STOCKTON, CAL. JUST completed. Seats 1200 people. Large stage, and all first class appointments. Apply to Humphrey & Southworth, proprietors.

BURNHAM'S ABIETENE—NO COMPOUND but a pure distillation from a peculiar kind of fir. Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc. A specific for Croup, Colds, etc. Sold by all druggists.

CALIFORNIA WIND MILLS. ALFRED NOAK, agent for the best California Windmills and Tanks. Strongest and best made; 325 and 327 Main street, Stockton. P. O. Box, 312. *Best* Send for price list.

EAGLE HOTEL—TEMPERANCE HOUSE. Weber avenue, Stockton, Cal. Board \$4 per week. Board and Lodging, \$5 to \$6. Per day, \$1 to \$1.25. Meals, 25 cents. *Best* Street cars pass within half block. Mrs. E. H. Allen, proprietress.

FINEST GRADES OF CARRIAGES, CARRIAGE Wheels and Carriage Hardware. W. P. Miller, manufacturer, importer and dealer, cor. Channel and California streets, Stockton. *Best* Illustrated Catalogue furnished on application.

GREAT REDUCTION. STOCKTON IMPROVED Gang Plows. Extras. Standard molds. Points, Wheels, Lands, of all kinds; 10,000 in use and warranted. Salesroom and warehouse, cor. El Dorado and Market streets, Stockton. GLOBE IRON FOUNDRY cor. Main and Commerce streets. Agricultural Implements wholesale and retail. JOHN CAINE, sole proprietor. P. O. Box, 95, Stockton.

RANGERS' UNION OF SAN JOAQUIN VAL-ley. (Incorporated May 14, '74.) Importers and dealers in Agricultural Implements and a full line of General Hardware, Nos. 280 and 282 Main street, Stockton, Cal.

C. SHAW. PLOW WORKS. DEALER IN Agricultural Implements, Randolph Headers, Stockton Gang Plows, Farm and Spring Wagons, Hardware, etc., etc. Office and warerooms, 201 and 203 El Dorado street, Stockton.

T. DORRANCE, MANUFACTURER AND importer of Saddlery and Harness, California, Ladies' and Imported Saddles, Team, Concord, Buggy and Trotting Harness, Horse Blankets, Linen Covers, etc., etc. No. 185 Hunter street, Stockton.

H. O'BRIEN, WHOLESALE DEALER IN Fine Wines and Liquors, No. 224 Main street, Odd Fellows' Block, Stockton, Cal.

MATTESON & WILLIAMSON, MANUFACT-urers of Agricultural Implements, cor. Main and California streets, Stockton, Cal.

PACIFIC COAST LAW, MERCANTILE AND Patent Agency. Joshua B. Webster, attorney at law. Practice in all Courts, State and Federal. Collections, Probate, Insolvency and General Commercial Practice, including Patent and Copyright Law. *Best* Principal office, Room No. 1, Eldridge's Building (opp. the Courthouse) Stockton.

STOCKTON SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY. Paid up capital, \$500,000. Deposits payable in time or on demand. Pays 5 per cent. interest after 30 days. Domestic and foreign exchange. Transacts general banking business. L. U. Shippee, president; F. M. West, cashier.

THE PACIFIC ASYLUM, STOCKTON. THIS Private Asylum for the care and treatment of mental and nervous diseases is where the insane of the State of Nevada have been kept for several years, the patients being lately removed to Reno. The buildings, grounds and accommodations are large and its advantages superior. For terms, apply to the proprietor, Dr. Asa Clark, Stockton. References, Dr. L. C. Lane, San Francisco, and Dr. G. A. Shurtleff, Superintendent State Insane Asylum, Stockton.

WILLIAMS' BALSAMIC CREAM OF ROSES is unsurpassed for beautifying the complexion and making the skin soft and nice. It is just the thing for chopped hands. For sale by all druggists or dealers in fancy goods.

ARTISTIC PRINTING.

Every Variety of Plain and Ornamental

PRINTING

Executed with Neatness and Dispatch at Lowest Rates. Orders by Mail receive prompt attention.

E. C. Hughes,
511 Sansome Street,
Cor. ... SAN FRANCISCO

SPRING 1883.

As Spring with its change of weather creates a revolution in the very bowels of the earth, so does Pfunder's celebrated Orogen Blood Purifier create the desired change in the human system. The best is always the cheapest, and health at any price is ever desirable. Use this medicine; enjoy good health and save money; \$1 a bottle, six for \$5.

No family should be without the celebrated White Rose Flour, made from the best of wheat and by the celebrated Hungarian process. It is for sale by the following well known grocers: Messrs. Lebenbaum, Goldberg & Brown, 422 Pine street, Lebenbaum & Goldberg, 121 Post street, Lebenbaum, Goldberg & Co., corner California and Polk streets, Pacific Tea Company, 995 Market street, G. Neumann, Grand Arcade Market, Sixth street, N. L. Cook & Co., corner Grove and Laguna streets, Reddan & Delay, corner Sixteenth and Guerrero streets, H. Schroder & Co., 2017 Fillmore street, Bacon & Dicker, 959 Market street, Cutter, Lloyd & Co., corner Clay and Davis streets, and Lazalere & Withiam, corner Davis and Clay streets.

N. W. Ayer & Son's *American Newspaper Annual* contains full statistics of all newspapers in the United States and Canada, also populations from the census of 1880. Sent postpaid on receipt of price, *Three Dollars*. Address N. W. Ayer & Son, Advertising Agents, Times Building, Philadelphia.

Ask for "Brook's" machine cotton. Experienced operators on all sewing machines recommend it. Glacé finish on white spools, soft finish on black. "Machine Cotton" printed on the cover of every box. For sale by all dealers.

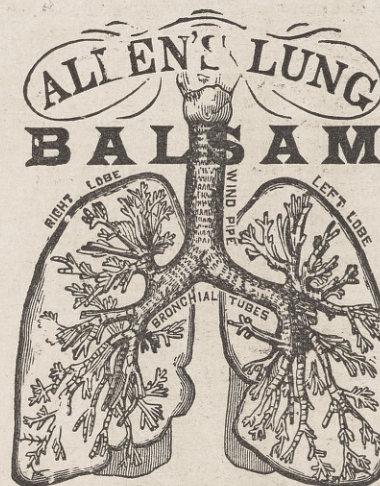
Best Dresses, cloaks, coats, stockings and all garments can be colored successfully with the Diamond Dyes. Fashionable colors. Only 10c.

Dyspepsia, the bugbear of epicurians, will be relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY.

The Philadelphia Brewery has sold during the year 1882 64,188 barrels of beer, being twice as much as the next two leading breweries in this city. (See Official Report, U. S. Internal Revenue, January, 1883.) The beer from this brewery has a Pacific Coast renown unequalled by any other on the Coast.

STRICTLY PURE.
Harmless to the Most Delicate.



(This Engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.)

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR CURING Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Croup.
And Other Throat and Lung Affections.

It Contains No Opium In Any Form!

Recommended by Physicians, Ministers and Nurses. In fact by everybody who has given it a good trial. IT NEVER FAILS TO BRING RELIEF.

CAUTION.—Call for Allen's Lung Balsam, and shun the use of all remedies without merit.

As an Expectorant it has No Equal.

FOR SALE BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

Trade supplied by
REDINGTON & CO., San Francisco, California.
LAUGHLIN & MICHAEL, "
J. J. MACK & CO., "

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

COW COUNTY TYPES.

II.—A Squatter.

Coon Dowdy is not the keeper of a traveling menagerie, although the miscellaneous ragged army of half-wild animals which gave him a sort of general allegiance might have led one to suppose so. A sun-burnt cow of bad character and independent way of thinking formed a kind of pretext for a struggling family of calves, although it may be said that when they attempted any improper familiarities she repudiated the relationship with a kick. It was indignity enough to be made to serve as the ready-made mother of a foundling hospital. Horses were always plenty in Coon Dowdy's collection, but these were not permanent members of the family, like the cow, for they formed a kind of four-legged currency with which he did his trading. Horse-trading was his one form of intellectual amusement, and he bent all his energies to perfecting himself in this delightful accomplishment.

It is a mistake to suppose that there is no fun in trading horses. You risk your money as boldly and blindly as you do at poker, and there is the added charm of the chance of killing something. If that something should be the horse-trader who attempts an ill-advised experiment on the back of his newly-acquired property it only adds to the excitement.

Coon Dowdy has a family dog. The dog is not known by any name in particular, but will answer readily to any monosyllable that sounds abusive. He is a valuable animal, but his self-respect has been much hurt by the studied indifference to his feelings and the plentiful dispensation of rocks by the superior animals of the Dowdy family. He never barks back when addressed in the usual endearing methods, physical or moral, but simply makes a hairy apology of his tail discreetly crumpled in the seclusion of his hind legs. A crushed dog. He is chiefly used for rounding up the Dowdy hens—not Mrs. Dowdy or her daughters—when it is necessary to coop those evil-disposed fowls for one of the frequent flittings of the family. He can catouze a hen with enthusiasm.

I remember meeting Dowdy at a famous hot spring in Arena county, accompanied by his usual assortment of unkempt camp followers, including what might have been his household goddesses if he had a house. All his children were daughters, to his infinite disgust, because, estimated by their capacity for doing "chores," they were almost worthless and had never progressed beyond chopping kindling wood and an occasional thumb. As a general proposition, he regarded woman as a waste of good material, and a bad imitation of man. He had come up to spend a part of the summer at the springs while the "crap" of corn which he had planted on some disputed land in a neighboring valley was "making." These were not the kind of springs at which there are hotels and city people smelling of new clothes and shouting greasy slang in the ear of the ragged hills. There was not even a saloon or a roasted peanut in the place, and the most luxurious of the campers indulged in a brush shanty or a tent. It was a virgin camp. Old man Dowdy was engaged in stretching the canvas cover of his wagon over some abrupt poles so as to form a tent. Mrs. Dowdy—"as elegant a lady as ever stepped in shoe-leather," the old man was wont to say—was squatted in a crumpled heap on the ground in the shadow of the wagon, her husband's old hat on the back of her head, and a short clay pipe in her mouth, smoking with commanding ability.

"Hallo, old man! How's times?" I asked.

"Hallo! What you drivin' at up yere?"

"Not much of anything. Just got into camp eh?"

"Wal, I allowed as I'd come up yar while the corn was making an' git a gen'ral wash an' maybe some deermeat fur the winter."

"How is the crop?"

"I reckon it'll make corn. Can't tell much about it till huskin' time. That won't be long now. Doggone such a country as this, anyhow. A man must scratch every day in the year to make a livin'. Back in the States a man could work all summer and rest all winter. Had to, by gosh! Talk of climate! Shucks! Yar, you! I'd like to know what you all is adoin'. You, Suke, hurry up an' git some kindlins, an' you, Madge, go to cookin' d'rectly."

Then he hitched up one shoulder and deliberately pulled a jack-knife and a plug of tobacco from

his pocket. He did not appear to have a full allowance of joints, and when he walked you almost expected to hear him creak. Inserting a satisfying chew in his ckeek he squatted on his haunches and picking up a bit of wood began to whittle as a kind of intellectual stimulant and aid to conversation. California, he thought, was no country for a poor man. In addition to its objectionable climate, the soil did not behave as it ought. He was content to do just so much work in the year and, that done, he held that the obligation of doing the rest was transferred to the shoulders of nature. If nature failed to deliver the goods, so much the worse for nature. The world owed him a living and if he could not get it in one way he was entitled to it in some other. If in carrying out to its legitimate conclusion this grand principle somebody had to suffer, that was none of his business. It was only the necessary result of a badly devised social and natural system. Like a man in the dark, who has a general idea of where the spittoon is and spits at the idea, his intentions were good and if they failed of hitting the mark he would not hold himself to blame or suffering because of an ill-regulated world. He had done his part.

AUTOLYCUS.

DAN'L IN DE LIONS' DEN.

By Uncle Bob.

Dan'l wuz er good Christian man wat lived in de Bible; and whedder he wur er white man or whedder he wur er brack man I dunno; I ain't nuber hyeard nobody say. But dat's neder hyeard nor dar; he wuz er good man, an' he pray tree times ebry day. At de fus peepin' uv de day Brer Dan'l he use fur ter hop out'n his bed and git down on 'is knees; an' soon's eber de horn hit blowed fur de han's ter come out'n de field fur dinner, Brer Dan'l he went in his house, he did, an' he flop right back on 'is knees. An' wen de sun set, den dar he wuz agin, er' prayin' an' er' strivin' wid de Lord.

Well, de king uv dat kentry he 'low he nuber want no prayin' 'bout 'im; he sez, sezee, "I want de thing fur ter stop." But Brer Dan'l he nuber studied 'im; he jest prayed right on, tell by'mby de king he 'low bat de nex' man wat he kotch prayin' he wuz gwine cas' 'im in de lions' den.

Well, nex' mornin', soon's Brer Dan'l riz fum 'is bed, he light right on 'is knees, an' went ter prayin'; an' wile he wuz er wrestlin' in prar de pater-rollers dey come in an' dey tied 'im han' an' foot wid er rope, an' tuck 'im right erlong tell dey come ter de lions' den; an' wen dey wuz yit er fur ways fum dar dey hyeard de lions er ro'in an' er sayin', "Ar-oorrrar! arooorrrar!" an' all dey hearts 'gun ter quake sept's Brer Dan'l; he nuber notice 'em; he jes pray 'long. By'mby dey git ter de den, an' dey tie er long rope roun' Brer Dan'l wais, an' tro' 'im right in. And dey drawed up de rope, an' went back whar dey come fum.

Well, yearly nex' mornin' hyeard dey come agin, an' dis time de king he come wid 'em; an' dey hyeard de lions er ro'in "Ar-oorrrar! ar-oorrrar!" An' dey come ter de den an' dey open de do; an' dar wuz de lions, wid dey moufs open an' dey eyes er shinin', jes'er trompin' backerds an' forerds an' dar in de corner sot an angel smoovin' uv his wings; an' right in de middle uv de den was Dan'l, jes'er sot'n back dar. Gemmun, he wuz'n totch! He nuber so much ez had de smell uv de lions 'bout'n 'im. He wuz ez whole, mun, ez he wuz de day he wuz born. Eben be boots on 'im, sar, wuz ez shiny ez dey wuz wen dey put 'im dar.

He preach de Word, he did right erlong, an' after dat he 'gun ter sing dis hymn:

Dan'l wuz er prayin' man;
He pray tree times er day,
De Lord he hist de winder
Fur ter hyeard po' Dan'l pray.

Den he 'gun ter call up de mo'ners an' dey come too! Mun, de whole yearth wuz erlive mid 'em! De white folks dey went up, an' de niggers dey went up, an' de pater-rollers dey went up, an' de king he went up, an' dey all come dar an' got 'ligion; an' fum dat day dem folks is er sarvin' de Lord.

An' now, chil'en, efn yer be like Brer Dan'l an' say yer prars, an' put yer pen'ence in de Lord, yer needn' be er fyeard uv no lions: de Lord he'll take kyar uv yer, an' he'll be mighty proud to do it.

SOME FRENCH HUMOR.

Translated for the New York "World."

A guest in a salon is bidding good-bye to a poet to whom he has just been presented:

"I am delighted, sir," he says, "to have enjoyed the opportunity of making the acquaintance of an author of your talent."

"Talent?" says the bard, with a frightful sneer; "I suppose it would have blistered your tongue to say 'genius'!"

"Prisoner, what motive inspired you to poison your accomplice?"

"Well, you see, Your Honor, I wished to purchase his silence!"

One of the latest and most malicious of the numerous stories concerning Prince Jerome Napoleon's alleged cowardice has reference to his famous challenge by the Duke of Aumale.

According to the gossips, Plon-Plon exclaimed indignantly to the Emperor:

"Why, you know when I was in the Crimea and had 50,000 men with me I never fought. And now you want me to go out and fight all alone by myself! Stuff and nonsense!"

Calino describes his very unpleasant railroad journey.

"There I was, all through the trip," he says, "with a window that would not close right alongside of me, so you can imagine the sort of a cold I caught."

"But you should have changed your seat."

"How could I? There wasn't another person in the compartment with whom I could change!"

Of the accomplished dramatic author and humorist, Eugene Labiche, a very enjoyable story is told. He was Mayor of a village during the invasion of 1870-71 and justly prided himself upon the devotion and ingenuity with which he defended the interests of the place against the Prussians.

For instance, when the German commander announced that if the village gave shelter to the *francs tireurs* he would have the Mayor shot off-hand. "Put yourself in my place," said Labiche, argumentatively. "Here we give shelter to you because you are 300 strong, and we can't help ourselves. Now suppose 500 *francs tireurs* come along, what are we to do? Can we help ourselves then?"

"Well, perhaps you can't," admitted the captain, "but you can let us know if you see any of them in the neighborhood."

"My dear sir," said Labiche; "suppose we were in Germany and I were a captain of the invading French forces and you the Mayor of the invaded German village, and I asked you such a question. What would your reply be?"

The puzzled captain had to withdraw and Labiche completed the conquest of the officer by asking the Prussian Lieutenant what prince that was.

"What prince?" asked the second in command; "the Captain isn't a prince."

"Isn't he?" queried Labiche in innocent surprise; "why, I made sure he was on account of his distinguished and aristocratic bearing."

Flattered by this compliment, which was duly reported to him, the Captain proved an invaluable protector to the village. One icy night in winter, however, to his consternation, the Mayor was ordered to repair instantly, under guard, to headquarters. Thither he was conveyed under guard, expecting nothing less than death or deportation. To his surprise, when after a long drive the prisoner reached the Prussian headquarters, whom should he meet but the Captain, who fell upon his neck and embraced him, saying:

"I have been ordered home to Germany, and you were so kind to me that I could not leave without bidding you good-bye! That is why I have sent for you! Adieu!"

On the last page of the cover of the *Wasp* will be found an advertisement of San Leandro Village Carts. They are said to be among the best and most popular of these convenient and fashionable turnouts, and we invite attention to the card aforesaid. The advertisement will occupy the same place from week to week, but the cuts and matter will be changed each issue until all the styles made are presented.

* For the delicate and complicated difficulties peculiar to women, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the sovereign remedy.

AN AWKWARD CONFESSION.

What? Harry, old fellow, still brooding
And filling the ceiling with smoke!
'Tis late and I may be intruding—
Disturbing the dreams you invoke?

"Glad I came"? Then I'll make myself cosy,
Just shove the decanter along.
There is comfort one finds in the "rosy"
When everything else has gone wrong.

"What's up"? Oh a woman's deceiving—
The regular story, you know;
But then *you're* not given to grieving
Over feminine sources of woe.

No matter, I'm far from heart-broken;
And though I've been close to the brink,
Not a word of my folly I've spoken.
Too easily frightened, you think?

No, Harry! I'm seldom mistaken
In reading a woman aright.
Her heart, if she has one, is taken.
I've thrown up the sponge and the fight.

She's a trifle—as shallow and heartless
As the average feminine prize,
And I deemed her open and artless
When under the spell of her eyes!

She is willing to act as the ocean
To any man's river of love,
Then fling off his honest devotion,
As she'd carelessly take off her glove.

"Who is it"? Why, Harry, you know her:
'Tis the girl whom I christened the "Queen."
What the deuce makes your countenance lower
O'er a woman you barely have seen?

You'd rather I'd make no allusions?
Engaged, did you say? And to *you*?
This comes of my midnight intrusions.
I—hang it old fellow—Adieu!

BYSSHE.

San Francisco, March 13, 1883.

THE C. P. R. R. AS A PORT OF ENTRY.

Oakland is not a port of entry, yet it has long been the practice to permit the unloading of foreign ships there at the Railroad Company's wharf, under supervision of Custom House inspectors. Quite recently some indiscreet consignee kicked against the expense of an inspector; whereupon the practice of unloading at the Oakland wharf was prohibited altogether, as "directly contrary to law." The kicker was injured by the recoil of his leg. But on Tuesday last Mr. French, the Acting Secretary of the Treasury (Pappy Folger is suffering from an acute attack of senility), telegraphed an instruction to Collector Sullivan restoring the condition of things which he had previously declared to be "directly contrary to law." If we rightly remember, the name of French has before now been discreditably conspicuous in connection with Railroad matters on the one hand and Government affairs on the other, and the circumstance that this matter of foreign vessels unloading at the Oakland mole is one in which the Railroad's interests are affected serves to recall the incident. To put it plainly, we suspect that Mr. French revoked his first order at the dictation of Mr. Stanford. However that may be, it must amuse Collector Sullivan to be instructed to re-establish a practice which is "directly contrary to law," after having been ordered to discontinue it for that reason. Perhaps Mr. French is only a humorist.

SINE DIE.

The Legislature having adjourned, constituencies may advantageously scan the "records" made by their representatives. The record of the San Francisco delegation is disgraceful, as usual. Mostly Democratic, even the *Examiner* views them with cold disapproval. It must be said, however, that the only Republicans in it, Senators Perry and McClure, were the worst of the lot, and, on the other hand, that two of its Democrats, Senators Lynch and Sullivan, acquitted themselves with exceptional honor and credit. The best bill of the session—the Pilot Bill—was pushed by Mr. Lynch

with tireless energy and defeated by the equally tireless energy of the McClure person, who doubtless receives the substantial gratitude of Messrs. Goodall and Perkins, with a handsome *douceur* to the informer—we mean the man who discovered and brought him to their attention. Mr. Lynch's services should not go unrewarded, nor McClure's unpunished. Another man who has done well is Mr. James V. Coleman, of San Mateo. He is so rich that it was thought he would be lazy. *Au contraire*, he was one of the hardest-working men in the Assembly, performing his duties with conscientious intelligence. The most irritating action taken at Sacramento was that of the "minority in power" in the Senate, on the Pilot Bill. This band of brothers, headed by the notorious McClure, bodied by Vrooman, of Alameda, and tailed by the Perry boy, resorted to every discreditable artifice permitted by parliamentary usage to strengthen and confirm the robber combination of pilot boat and tug boat in its unholy exactions upon the commerce of the State, and succeeded. It is matter of public notoriety that the good Goodall and "pretty Polly Perkins" bribed right and left to keep their grip—and for another two years at least they will keep it. The Senators who assisted them are worthy to have their names "inscribed on the page of history"—and on the passenger list of the penitentiary. They are Messrs. Cronan, Dougherty, Fraser, Harrigan, Keating, Kelly of San Francisco, Kellog, McCarthy, McClure, Nelson, Perry, Routier, Vrooman and Wallis—may the devil fly away with them!

HARPS FOR ANGELS.

Republics may be ungrateful, but the representatives of the California Democracy are not. Out of the waste of time spent at Sacramento rises the beacon light of gratitude, and it shines with a brilliant effulgence upon the newspaper correspondent, and the newspaper man generally, lighting his way to lucrative honors and untold financial prosperity. P. J. Murphy of the *Post* has been appointed Secretary of the Board of Pilot Commissioners, with a moderately fat salary. It is rumored, with but little fear of contradiction, that George Squires, of the *Bulletin*, is to be Secretary of the Viticultural Commission, including a trip to France to investigate phylloxera. Ed. Townsend, of the *Call*, is named as Secretary of the State Board of Harbor Commissioners, a very comfortable position for a professional humorist, provided the old Board will have the good sense to vacate. Joe Ward, of the *Examiner*, is down on the list for Secretary of the Sericultural Commission (which means the propagation of silk worms) with the possibility of traversing Japan in a jirikisbau to imbibe cocoonic knowledge and unadulterated teas. Tom Flynn, it is said, will sway the destinies of the *State Educational Journal* and instruct the merry schoolmarm how to discipline her callow brood. Last, but not least, Charley Hughes, promoted from the "late watch" to the Assembly Chamber, is to be Chief Wharfinger at a salary of \$4,000 and perquisites. The lines of the newspaper man have indeed fallen in pleasant places, and the community has reason to rejoice that genuine merit has at last received a just recognition. The newspaper proprietor, however, will hereafter use more discretion in exposing his young men to the blandishments of a Democratic Legislature.

PORKERS.

The Central Pacific Railroad Company should not be a hog; everybody is willing that it should be a pig. It is now trying to choke off competition by stealing the submerged lands upon which the South Pacific Coast Railroad Company have begun to build their terminal wharf. This is an admirable example of what Messrs. Crocker and Stanford are graciously pleased to call their benefactions to the State in promoting railway facilities. They know, and everybody knows, that their concern, even under the name of the Oakland Water Front Company, has not the shadow of a title to this property. They have no hope of establishing one. But pending the decision against them, they hope to restrain the Narrow Gauge people from building their mole and erecting their station, for if these are permitted to do so they can make quicker ferry trips than their competitors and draw away from them an enormous amount of the local travel. If they wish to accomplish this result Messrs. Stanford and Crocker

might with equal effect and greater honesty pursue a policy of scuttling. They could educate Ben Truman or the Marquis de Boruck as a fireman, get him employed on the apposition boats and instruct him to address his conversation to the thin-plank planks.

IT HITS 'EM OFF.

A recent number of *Life* has a full-page illustration representing a heroic-size statue of Thackeray. Beside it, standing on some volumes of the *Century Magazine*, is W. D. Howells holding up Mr. Henry James, Jr., on his shoulders. Of course Mr. James, even with this "artful aid," is by no means as tall as Thackeray. Mr. Howells, with characteristic disregard of grammar, asks:

"Are you the tallest now, Mr. James?"

The latter, sorrowfully ignoring the question, says:

"Be so uncommonly kind, Mr. Howells, as to let me down easy; it may be we have both got to grow."

This clever cartoon was suggested by the following sentences in our "Prattler's" denunciation of the literary pretensions of Messrs. Aldrich, Howells and James, in our issue of February 17th:

In the *Atlantic*, for example, the editor, T. B. Aldrich (a nerveless, colorless jelly-fish of literature) will have a long, laudatory review of W. D. Howells. A few months later, W. D. Howells will have a long, laudatory review of Henry James, Jr. Later, Henry James, Jr. will come to the fore with a long, laudatory review of T. B. Aldrich, and the circle is complete. Three dwarfs have towered above the heads of their fellow-men by standing on one another's shoulders in turn.

"THE SUPPLE HINGES."

In considering the subject of "puffery as a lost art," the essayist of the remote future should have his attention directed to the *Bulletin*, a newspaper believed once to have been published somewhere in a place variously termed California, San Francisco and Deaconfitch. It reads thus:

The officers here are entitled to a great deal of credit for so promptly getting on the track of Marcus, although they feel a little annoyed that he should have even temporarily eluded their grasp and got away from the State.

For the instruction of the future essayist we will explain that this relates to a certain swindler who came from New York, boldly and openly registered his true name at the Palace Hotel, had, we hope, a good time and departed on the Oregon steamer at his leisure a few minutes before the officers began to be "entitled to a great deal of credit" for getting upon his track and being told that he was gone from their gaze. It is evident that if they had captured him the vocabulary of sycophancy would have been exhausted by the run upon it for terms that would adequately have expressed the amount of credit that they would then have been entitled to. By the way, the Webfoot officers who really caught the scoundrel have been pretty severely condemned by our police and press.

The Harbor Commissioners, one of whom was deposed months ago but has managed to hang on like a leech inadequately distended, have signified their intention to hold the fort against their newly appointed successors. As their successors were legally appointed and duly confirmed, there is a good deal of vulgar curiosity manifested by them, regarding the grounds of their exclusion. Did they never hear of "the cohesive power of public plunder"? That is the kind of glue that fastens the present recumbents to their seats and prevents the Governor from getting a fair kick at them.

The conviction of a Nevada county murderer narrowly escaped being set aside on the ground that the indictment did not state that the murdered man was a human being. The counsel of a man charged with killing his father, over at Oakland, demurred to the indictment the other day on the same ground. One would suppose that the bodily presence of the prisoner—who, it is not denied, is a very human being indeed if he killed his father—would be sufficient to satisfy a jury that the deceased was not an owl or an ape. It is true that by hasty and intemperate speech certain coarse-minded Oaklanders have thoughtlessly impugned the prisoners' descent from a human being on the mother-side of his make-up, but there appears to be no reasonable doubt about the old man.

TENDER AND TRUE.

The next morning the young man and the girl's father both appeared in the Mayor's Court, the old gentleman being charged with assault.

"Where were the parties standing when you saw them?" asked the court.

"Out in the moonlight," said the witness; "the complainant was about half-way down the steps and the prisoner was standing on the porch, close to the edge.

"What was the distance between the parties?" asked the court.

"Just one foot," calmly replied the witness.

The court leaned forward and looked at the witness earnestly for several seconds, then with a profound sigh leaned far back in his chair and frowned awfully at the officer on duty. The prisoner smiled grimly, while the complainant fidgetted uneasily in his chair and tried to reach his abrupt mustache with unavailing teeth, and the witness, calmly gazing at the court and placidly chewing his quid of fine-cut, was the only man in the court room who sat unmoved and undisturbed.

THE ORANG-OUTANG SHOW.

"Well," said the barber to the usual crowd of loungers about the shop, "I guess the orang-outang show will come off this evening."

"What kind of a show is that?" inquired a stranger in the chair.

"Oh, there's to be a wedding in the town," replied the barber.

"Who is to be married?"

"Well, some traveling man out west is going to marry Mrs. Hornswoggle's daughter. They would have been married a year ago if it had not been for the old woman."

"What was wrong with her?"

"Oh, she's a regular old tom-cat with goggles on. She's too pious to blow her nose, and the fellow is an out-and-out infidel."

"And how have they fixed it that the marriage is to take place now?"

"Well, he's worth about \$40,000, and she hadn't enough religion to buck against that. But its lucky for him that he lives a good way from the old woman."

The stranger was shaved, and as the barber was brushing his coat, he inquired:

"Do you live in the neighborhood?"

"No," replied the stranger; "I'm the fellow that is to be married this evening!"

INGERSOLL.

Being pressed for his views on liquor legislation, the Colonel said: "If the Mississippi and all its tributaries were filled with pure whisky, if the banks were loaf sugar, and all the low grounds covered with mint, there would be no more drunkenness than there is to-day. I believe in the restraining influences of liberty."

Colonel Ingersoll followed this with a story about a man who asked another:

"Would you like to live where no one ever drinks a drop of liquor?"

"Yes."

"Where everybody is industrious?"

"Yes."

"Where everybody goes to church on Sunday?"

"Yes."

"Where no one talks scandal to his neighbor?"

"Yes."

"But there is no such place. Such a place would be in Heaven."

"Oh, no; any well regulated penitentiary is that way."

A Massachusetts drug clerk has just accidentally poisoned a child, who died. Meanwhile people rashly continue to indulge in such luxuries as drugs, medicines and doctors.

TALK ABOUT THEATERS.

During the past week fogs and clouds obscured the stars night after night; the moon, her toilette incomplete, declined to show her sentimental face and the gas-company refused to light the gloomy streets. Thus the timid seekers after pleasure are given to reading at home or to refurbishing the rusty art of family conversation and—the theaters are neglected. Possibly their attractions may have palled. Whether it be the nightly "Sharonian"

eclipse or a conjunction of both, darkness and indifference, neither the *Fiery Pocketbook* nor the effervescent *Pop*; neither the companions of darkness at Emerson's nor the meteors at the Baldwin have attracted overmuch attention during the week. The managers may well exclaim: "Let there be light." At least a little more light and a little less of supervisory economy; "least-ways" light enough to keep from stubbing one's toes; enough to quiet the apprehension of garroting or other impertinence; light enough to guide the errant shekels into the depleted box-office.

Meanwhile, and despite the afore-mentioned lack-lustre appearances, preparations for the grand *Thomas Festival* are progressing with unabated ardor. Emma Thursby, a lady who has hardly a peer as a concert singer, has been engaged to appear, and the announcement of that fact has given a new impetus to subscriptions. The full programme is to be published in a few days, and the diagrams of the two floors of the Mechanics' Pavilion—where the Festival is to take place—are in course of preparation, to be distributed among all subscribers, so that seats may be located. The promise of a specially brilliant "Wagner" evening will be appreciated by the host of admirers of that great composer. To judge by the number of subscriptions already received, it would be advisable for those who wish to secure seats for the season not to delay doing so.

The Parvenu, at the Baldwin Theater, proved a bit of comedy full of cleverness and amusing characterization. By the way, the name itself is quite funny because of the variations in its pronunciation, both on and off the stage. From *Pa-venoo* to *Parveny* there are at least six distinct varieties of maltreating those three syllables. It were a trifle unjust to judge this comedy jointly from the actor's and from the author's standpoint, since the acting is not quite up to the mark of authorship. Much of the brightness and smoothness of that comedy is lost by the performers; enough, at any rate, to make one wish for a stronger cast. Despite this *The Parvenu* is indisputably amusing, and in it even the Lingard Company appear occasionally to good advantage. The part of "Mary Ledger" is particularly well done. "Lady Pettigrew" is fairly represented, and the part of "Sir Fulke Pettigrew," although not uniformly well performed, shows at times some very clever acting. The characterization of "Joseph Ledger, M. P.," upon whom the weight of comedy "sits not lightly," is of such neutral tint that it becomes the merest varnish for the actor underneath. The "Charles Tracy" is a most natural and pleasing performance. *Au reste*, there is nothing to say.

At last week's German performance Mr. Link appeared in a character part of unlooked-for quality. It made one regret that this talented young comedian had not had the opportunity to show his real worth until it is almost too late to do him justice. The excellence of his acting, although foreshadowed by his previous effort in "Jacob Stern," was a surprise to all who had, up to that evening, seen him in nothing save flippant low comedy of the lowest order. True, Mr. Link was clever in every performance, but his "Wurzelsepp" is a high dramatic part, and as performed by him proved intensely interesting. Contrasted with his previous efforts, he showed a versatility in a hitherto unsuspected direction, and in that a thoroughness which is highly creditable. The very able support by the leading man and the soubrette made this one of those most thoroughly enjoyable evenings for which the German Company are noted. It is to be hoped that *The Darwinians*, a comedy by Shweitzer, will attract a large attendance, since it is the last performance of Mr. Link in this city. He will be the "missing Link" after that.

At the Tivoli they have *Maritana* in place of *Linda*, and are doing fairly. The performance is better than the attendance.

It seems as if the days of the combination of opera and "refreshments" were drawing to a close. So long as such places were the mere lounging-resorts of free and easy people who came to drink and smoke, and who did not care to talk or to be compelled to listen, they were very well patronized; but since they have been changed into regular theaters and people are compelled to sit for hours in uncomfortable positions and listen to performances which challenge comparison, the public have become critical and prefer to pay a trifle more for regular performances rather than witness imperfect representations at a reduced rate. The sooner such resorts return to the old way of chairs and tables and refreshments, subordinating their performances to the appetites of their guests, the better it will be for the management.

The Secret

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

75 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 7.

I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. MACK.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not contain whiskey or alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth, or cause headache and constipation. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, &c.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

A PRINCELY OFFER

Desiring to introduce our paper entitled **YOUTH** into thousands of homes, where it is not already taken, we make the following princely offer: upon receipt of sixty cents in postage stamps, we will send **YOUTH** for six months, and to each person we will send, free, the following premiums:

- One Combination Needle Casket, containing 4 Papers Celebrated Long-Eyed Needles, 2 Steel Bodkins, 2 Yarn Darners, 2 Double Long-Eyed Darners, 2 Fine Darners, 2 Motto Needles, 2 Wool Darners, 2 Carpet Needles, 2 Worsted Needles, 2 Button Needles. These Needles are best quality.
- One Collar Button, One Microscopic Charm, containing the Lord's Prayer; it occupies a space less than the eye of a fine needle, yet magnifying to such an extent as to show the Lord's Prayer printed in LARGE TYPE.
- One Beautiful Chinese Lamp Shade, of variegated color and rich design, will fit any lamp, and is very handsome indeed.
- One Cinderella Thimble-Case, containing a Gold-Plated Thimble. The case is made of light metal, run in a mould, covered and lined with velvet and silk, and is elegantly embroidered with silk floss of various colors.
- One Charm Knife, suitable for a lady or gent.
- One Imitation Colored Porcelain Pin; this is entirely new, and just imported from Paris. It is beautifully colored in imitation of a full-blown rose, with leaves and branches, nothing about it to tarnish, and will wear for years.
- One Elegant Ladies' Pearl Shell Necklace. This elegant necklace is composed of many beautiful pearl shells. At each end is a tassel, likewise composed of the shells, and when worn the ends are twisted just above the tassels to join. No lady can fail to be proud of this magnificent necklace.

For \$3.00 we will send six lots; get five friends to join you, and thus secure your own premiums and paper free. **YOUTH** is a large, 32-column illustrated, literary and family paper, filled with bright and sparkling stories, sketches, poems, household notes, puzzles, pictures, etc., in fact, everything to amuse and instruct the whole family circle. Address **YOUTH PUBLISHING CO., 32 Deane St., Boston, Mass.**

DOT PARBER.

"Oh, der very subcheet of dot monkey parber py der negst shair makes me sick out of my sdum-mick. He has yet vonce more again mate all der gusdimers mad. He sdarted apout a veek pehind yesterday to gif away a new gonundrum. 'My aunts und uncles,' he hat sayt, 'all haf novhere else lived oxcept Chermany und New Yorick, yet my cousin Loweesa vos porn not in New Yorick, nor in Chermany, vnd not py der ocean already. How could dot peen? Vell, dot made out der greatest oxcidement. Blendy gusdimers sayt she vos in Belgium porn, und France, und Holland, und Danemark, und Hopoken, und New Chersey, on der vay from Chermany coming ofer. But dot foolish parber he sayt, 'No,' 'No,' 'No,' 'No,' every dime choost der same. Bretty quick he wrote dose dings out und bosted 'em der site of der vall:

"HOW CAN SUCH A DINGS PEEN?"

"My aunts und uncles all peen born (und lived der whole of their lifes out) py Chermany und New Yorick. Aber mine cousin Loweesa vos porn not in Chermany, not py New Yorick, und not on der ocean yet.

"It vos easy ven you found him out."

"My colly! such a oxcidement you neffer vood dink of. Vise olt men und young smarty vellers, dem all grazy vent, und I, minezef, forgot minezef undt sayt maype she vos in der harpor by New Yorick porn, or a Hopoken ferryboat inside. But 'No, no, no,' der monkey parber noding else vould sayt. To-day he hat bromised to bost up der ex-planation, und there you can see vot it vos:

"I HAF GOT ME NO COUSIN LOWEESA."

"Such a pig lummix of a grazy fool as dot—he dires away my batienece out."

The *Zelandia Comet* is an amusing little journal got up on board the Australian steamship *Zelandia*. We should think this a capital idea, for long sea voyages, even on so good a ship as Captain Webber's, are likely to be tedious unless the ladies are very pretty and gracious. The editor of the *Comet* is, we suppose, changed every trip—a plan that might advantageously be imitated by most newspapers ashore.

There was an alarm of fire turned in from an Atlanta artist's studio Wednesday morning, but by the time the department got there the conflagration had been subdued.

"What was it afire?" asked Chief Ryan.

"Colonel Bumgardner's portrait!"

"How did it catch?"

"I had it nearly all finished—all except the nose—and when I laid the proper color on it he blazed up like a political bon fire!"

"And what put him out?"

"Water! Water will put the Colonel out any time!"

"Now, Johnny," said an Austin school teacher, "what happened after the angel with tho fiesy sword drove Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden."

"They had to eat bread to make them sweat."

A young widow to the marble cutter—"Tell me must I put on the tomb of my husband the words 'Eternal regrets,' or simply 'Regrets?'" "Ah, madame," replied the marble worker, with his most charming smile, "that is for you to decide. Does madame think of marrying again soon?"

"ROUGH ON RATS."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

DENTISTRY.

C. O. Dean, D. D. S., 126 Kearny street, San Francisco.

MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP.

Infalible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c.

PENNYROYAL PILLS are Safe, Certain and Effectual.

The Cascara Mfg Co. 2313 Madison Square, Phila, Pa.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATEDSTOMACH
BITTERS

Invalids who are recovering vital stamina, declare in grateful terms their appreciation of the merits as a tonic, of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Not only does it impart strength to the weak, but it also corrects an irregular acid state of the stomach, makes the bowels act at proper intervals, gives ease to those who suffer from rheumatic and kidney troubles, and conquers as well as prevents fever and ague.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

KIDNEY-WORT
FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it. PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

PRICE \$1. USE Druggists Sell



GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

Is a certain cure for NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST MANHOOD, and all the evil effects of youthful follies and excesses.

DR. MITTLE, who is a regular physician, graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, will agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars for a case of the kind the VITAL RESTORATIVE (under his special advice and treatment) will not cure. Price, \$3 a bottle; four times the quantity, \$10. Sent to any address, confidentially, by A. E. MITTLE, M. D., No. 11 Kearny Street, S. F. Send for pamphlet. SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE will be sent to any one applying by letter, stating symptoms and age. Strict secrecy in all transactions.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND
TRUST COMPANY.

326 MONTGOMERY STREET,
San Francisco, Cal.

CAPITAL, DIRECTORS: \$2,000,000.

J. D. FRY, G. L. BRADLEY,
C. F. MACDERMOT, JAS. H. GOODMAN,
SAMUEL DAVIS, F. H. WOODS,
LLOYD TEVIS, CHARLES MAIN,
HENRY WADSWORTH, I. G. WICKERSHAM,
J. D. FRY, President
C. R. THOMPSON (late of Union Trust Co. of New York), Treasurer

WM. CUNNINGHAM, Secretary
Interest allowed on deposits. Deposits received subject to check or draft, at sight. Certificates of deposit issued. Loans made on collateral security.

The Safe Deposit Vaults, containing 4600 safes of different sizes, with rental from \$2 to \$20 per month, or from \$12 to \$200 per year, according to size and location, offer the most absolute security to the property of renters, who have entire control of the safes they rent, under the regulations of the Company, which have been carefully made, to ensure security and to facilitate the business of patrons. Silverware, jewelry, trunks of valuable articles, bullion, coin, books and papers of mercantile houses, (ledgers which will be received or delivered at any time during the day or night), and personal property of all kinds received for safe keeping.

This Company will act as Agent of Corporations, Estates, Firms and Individuals for the care of securities, Real Estate and Personal Property of all kinds, the collection of interest and Rents, and will transact business generally as Trustee for property and interests entrusted to its care.

Will hold powers of attorney, and make collections and remittances, buy and sell Securities, Drafts, Bullion, Foreign Money, Exchange, etc. make investments and negotiate loans.

Will act as Transfer Agent or Registrar of Transfers of Stock and as Trustee under Trust Mortgages of Incorporated Companies. Will act as Executor and Administrator of Estates, Guardian of minors, and pay annuities, etc.

Non-residents and persons unable to attend to their financial matters personally, will have their interests looked after with the utmost care.

The Capital of the Company, and its superior facilities for the transaction of business, give guarantee of security, promptness and care that cannot be expected of individual agents.

The establishment of a reliable Trust Company will meet a requirement, the necessity of which has long been felt in this community.

SUBSCRIBERS

Who desire to keep the "WASP" on file, can now be again supplied with Covers. Price, Fifty Cents.

100 CHROMO ADVERTISING CARDS. No 2 alike. Post paid. New York Card Co., 205 Grand St., N. Y. 35c.

A GOOD FAMILY HOTEL.

Families and travelers visiting Sacramento will find the Russ House situated on J street above Tenth, one of the cleanest and best appointed hotels in the State. The building is a new brick, furnished elegantly throughout, having all modern improvements. Mr. M. H. Henley, a gentleman well known in this city, and in fact all over the coast, is proprietor. Mrs. Henley and her two amiable daughters superintend the household duties, making everything home-like to the weary traveler. Notwithstanding the great expense in fitting up, and the splendid table furnished the guests the prices are only from \$1 to \$1.50 per day for board and lodging. The street cars from the depot pass the house every five minutes. Try the "Russ."

Dyspepsia, heart-burn, nausea, indigestion, etc., are always relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

"BUCHU-PAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. \$1. Druggists.

"In choosing allies, look to their power as well as to their will to aid you." In choosing a remedy for bowel, liver and kidney diseases, try Kidney-Wort, and you will never regret it. If you are subject to ague you must be sure to keep your liver, bowels and kidneys in good free condition. When so, you will be safe from all attacks.

SAN FRANCISCO ADVERTISING AGENCY
Established 1870.

A. MACSORLEY & CO.,
306½ Jessie St., Distributors,

Respectfully solicit your orders for the distribution of advertisements.

Large experience. Excellent references.
Call or address postal card.

Recommended by the Faculty

TARRANT'S
COMPOUND EXTRACTS— OF —
Cubebs and Copaiba

This compound is superior to any preparation hitherto invented, combining in a very highly concentrated state the medical properties of the Cubebs and Copaiba. One recommendation this preparation enjoys over all others is its neat, portable form, put up in pots; the mode in which it may be taken is both pleasant and convenient, being in the form of a paste, tasteless and does not impair the digestion. Prepared only by TARRANT & CO., Druggist and Chemists, 278 and 280 Greenwich street, New York. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FUN AND MYSTERY

Endless amusement for only 30 Cents. Our New Budget contains 3 Beautiful Face Pictures; 100 Choice Selections in Prose and Verse for Autograph Albums; 10 pieces of Popular Music; 1 pack "Hold to Light" Cards; 1 pack Comic Escort and Acquaintance Cards; 1 pack Flirtation Cards; 1 Star Puzzle; 10 Interesting Games; 12 New Tricks in Magic; 25 New and Pretty Fancy Work Patterns; 1 pack Healer's Wonderful Delusion Cards; 1 Mystic Oracle; The Great \$5.00 Prize Puzzle; 1 Chinese Puzzle; 1 Egyptian Cross Puzzle; 1 Game of Fortune Telling; 1 Double Throat for imitating every sound in the animal kingdom; 1 Japanese Handkerchief; 1 Ornamental Palette; 1 Elegantly Decorated Plaque. The entire lot to introduce our goods for only 30 cents, or two lots for fifty cents, postpaid. (Postage stamps taken.) Send now! Address Home Mfg Co., Box 1916, Boston, Mass.

AMUSEMENTS.

German Theater.

Directrice..... OTTILIE GENE

SUNDAY, - - - MARCH 18th,

Last appearance but one of

Adolf Link!

For the first time, the splendid original comedy, in three acts, by B. von Schweitzer,

"DIE DARWINIANER."

"RASCHERMAN," Agent, ADOLF LINK.

Sunday, March 25th, farewell benefit of Adolf Link.

Tivoli Garden.

Eddy street, between Market and Mason.

KRELING BROS.....Proprietors and Managers

First week and great success of Wallace's beautiful English opera, in 4 acts,

MARITANA.

In active preparation—MANOLA.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamer of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, for ports in California, Oregon, Washington and Idaho Territories, British Columbia and Alaska, as follows:

California Southern Coast Route.—The Steamers ORIZABA and ANCON sail every five days at 9 A. M. for San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and San Diego, as follows: ORIZABA, 10th, 20th and 30th of each month. ANCON, 5th, 15th and 25th of each month. The Steamer LOS ANGELES sails every Wednesday at 8 A. M. for Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Gaviota, Santa Barbara and San Buenaventura.

British Columbia and Alaska Route.—Steamship EUREKA, carrying U. S. Mails, sails from Portland, Oregon, on or about the 1st of each month, for Port Townsend, W. T., Victoria, and Nanaimo, B. C., Fort Wrangel, Sitka and Harrisburg, Alaska, connecting at Port Townsend with Victoria and Puget Sound Steamer leaving San Francisco the 30th of each month.

Victoria and Puget Sound Route.—The Steamers GEO. W. ELDER and DAKOTA, carrying Her Britannic Majesty's and United States mails, sail from Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, at 2 P. M. on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month, for Victoria, B. C., Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Steilacoom and Olympia, making close connection with steamboats, etc., for Skagit River and Cassiar Mines, Nanaimo, New Westminster, Yale, Sitka and all other important points. Returning, leave Seattle and Port Townsend at 1 P. M. on the 9th, 19th and 29th of each month, and Victoria (Esquimaux) at 11 A. M. on the 10th, 20th and 30th of each month.

[Note.—When Sunday falls on the 10th, 20th or 30th, steamers sail from San Francisco one day earlier, and from Sound ports and Victoria one day later than stated above.] The Steamer VICTORIA sails for New Westminster and Nanaimo about every two weeks, as per advertisements in the San Francisco ALTA or GUIDE.

Portland, Oregon, Route.—The Oregon Railway and Navigation Company and the Pacific Coast Steamship Company dispatch from Spear Street Wharf one of the steamships QUEEN OF THE PACIFIC, STATE OF CALIFORNIA, OREGON or COLUMBIA, carrying the United States Mail and Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, every Wednesday and Saturday at 10 A. M. for Portland and Astoria, Oregon.

Eureka and Humboldt Bay Route.—Steamer CITY OF CHESTER sails from San Francisco for Eureka, Arcata, Hookton (Humboldt Bay) every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

Point Arena and Mendocino Route.—Steamer CON-STANTINE sails from Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, at 3 P. M. every Monday for Point Arenas, Cuffey's Cove, Little River and Mendocino.

Ticket Office, 214 Montgomery Street.

(Opposite the Russ House)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., GENERAL AGENTS
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

BILLIARDS.

P. LIESENFELD, Manufacturer.

Established 1856

SOLE AGENT FOR THE ONLY GENUINE

Patent Steel Plate Cushion,

Guaranteed for Ten Years.

THE MOST ELEGANT STOCK OF BILLIARD AND POOL
TABLES ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

945 Folsom Street,
NEAR SIXTH.

Prices 20 per cent. Lower than any other House on
the Coast.

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.

BILLIARDS!

The Cues in every Billiard-room, Club and Private House
should be furnished with the

BILLIARD-ROOM NOISE-SUBDUER

To prevent players from making a noise by knocking their
Cues on the floor. Over 250,000 sold during the past
two years. Invented and patented by

JOHN CREAHAN, Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.

Sole agent in Penn'a for the Standard American Billiard and Pool
Tables, manufactured only by H. W. COLLENDER. Wanted,
agents to sell SUBDUERS in all parts of the United States. Price,
\$1 per doz. For sale by all Manufacturers and Dealers. ap-14

Morris & Kennedy

19 and 21 Post Street.

Artists' Materials and Frames

FREE GALLERY.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Oakland, Alameda, Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos,
Glenwood, Felton and Santa Cruz.

PICTURESQUE SCENERY, MOUNTAIN VIEWS, BIG TREES:
Santa Clara Valley, Monterey Bay. Forty miles shorter to
SANTA CRUZ than any other route. No change of cars; no dust.
Equipment and road bed first-class. PASSENGER TRAINS leave
station, foot of Market street, south side, at

8:30 A. M., daily, West San Lorenzo, West San Leandro, Rus-
sells, Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Hills, Newark, Centerville,
Mowrys, Alviso, Agnews, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos,
and SANTA CRUZ, arriving 12 M.

2:30 P. M., Daily Express: Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Cen-
terville, Alviso, Agnews, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE and Los
Gatos. Through to SANTA CRUZ every Saturday.

4:30 P. M. (Sundays excepted), for SAN JOSE and interme-
diate stations.
ON Sundays, Sportsmen's Train, 4:30 A. M. Return train
leaves San Jose at 5:15 P. M., arriving at San Francisco, 7:35.
\$5 EXCURSIONS TO SANTA CRUZ AND \$2.50 TO SAN
JOSE on Saturdays and Sundays, to return until Monday in-
clusive.

TO OAKLAND AND ALAMEDA.

\$6:30-7:30-8:30-9:30-10:30-11:30 A. M. 12:30-1:30-2:30-
3:30-4:30-5:30-6:30-7:30-10:00 and 11:30 P. M.

From Fourteenth and Webster streets, Oakland—\$5.57
\$6.57-7:57-8:52-9:52-10:52-11:52 A. M. 12:52-1:52-2:52-
3:52-4:52-5:52-6:52-10:20 P. M.

From High street, Alameda—\$5.45-\$6.45-7:45-8:35-9:35-
10:35-11:35 A. M. 12:35-1:35-2:35-3:35-4:35-5:35-6:35-
10:05 P. M.

Daily, Sundays excepted. Sundays only.

Stations in Oakland, but two blocks from Broadway, connecting
with all street car lines, for Piedmont, Temescal, University, Cen-
teries, etc. Time as short as by any other route. Try it.

TICKET, Telegraph and Transfer offices 222 Montgomery street,
S. F.; Twelfth and Webster, Oakland; Park street, Alameda.
A. H. FRACKER, R. M. GARRATT,
Oct. 29. Gen'l Supt. G. F. & P. Agt.

Citizens' Ins. Co., St. Louis, - Assets, \$450,000

German Ins. Co., Pittsburg, - 350,000

Farragut Fire Ins. Co., N. Y., - 435,000

Firemen's Ins. Co., Baltimore, - 545,000

Metropolitan Plate Glass Ins. Co., New York, - 141,000

Office—219 Sansome Street, S. F.

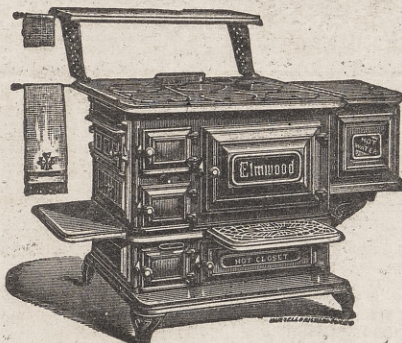
E. D. FARNSWORTH & SON

THE SOUTH BRITISH AND NATIONAL.

W. J. CALLINGHAM & CO.,

No. 213 SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

14,799 Sold in 1881.



Elmwood, Glenwood, Hudson and Our Choice.

DON'T FAIL TO EXAMINE THE ELMWOOD, GLENWOOD,
HUDSON and OUR CHOICE before purchasing a Range, as
they are the latest improved patterns and made from selected
stock. The smoothest castings. The best bakers. Requires one-
half the fuel consumed by ordinary Ranges. Three sizes of each
Range; twelve different styles. Has Patent Elevated Shelf, auto-
matic Oven Shelf, patent Check Draft, Broiler Door, etc. For sale
at same prices as common Ranges. Every one Warranted. Ask
your dealer for them.

W. S. RAY & CO., 12 Market Street.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive re-
medy for the above dis-
ease; by its use thou-
sands of cases of the
worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong
is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, to-
gether with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any suffer-
er. Give Express & P.O. address DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

AGENTS

can now grasp a fortune. Out-
fit worth \$10 free. Address E. G.
RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD

AND

Oregon Railway and Navigation Co.

WITH THEIR UNIQUE AND VARIED ROUTES OF RIVER
and Rail Transportation penetrate all sections of the Pacific
Northwest, and form direct routes

Up the Columbia—To the Dalles, Umatilla, Pendleton, Walla
Walla, Dayton, the Palouse Country, Snake River Points, and
Lewiston;

Up the Pend d'Oreille Division—To Ainsworth, Cheney,
Sprague, Spokane Falls, Lake Pend d'Oreille, and all points in
Northern Idaho and Montana;

Up the Willamette Valley—To Oregon City, Salem, and
the beautiful country of Southern Oregon;

Down the Columbia—Through the most picturesque scene-
ry to Astoria and Intermediate Points.

Over to Puget Sound—To Tacoma, Olympia, Seattle, Port
Townsend, Victoria and Bellingham Bay—a section unrivaled for
its delightful climate and charming prospects.

The Northern Pacific is the New Route
for Montana.

Daily Stages connect with trains on Clark's Fork Division,
direct for Missoula and all neighboring points.

JOHN MUIR,

Supt of Traffic, Portland, Oregon.

San Francisco office—214 Montgomery St.

1863. ONLY PEBBLE ESTABLISHMENT. 1882



PEBBLE SPECTACLES!



MULLER'S OPTICAL DEPOT

135 Montgomery St., near Bush.

Specialty for 32 years. Established, S. F., 1863.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

The most complicated cases of defective vision
thoroughly diagnosed, free of charge.

Compound Astigmatic Lenses Mounted
to Order

AT TWO HOURS' NOTICE.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS.,

Shipping AND Commission
MERCHANTS.

... AGENTS FOR...

Spreckels' Line of Hawaiian Packets,
S. S. Hepworth's Centrifugal Machines,
Reed's Patent Pipe and Boiler Covering.

No. 327 Market Street,

Corner Fremont,

SAN FRANCISCO.

BURR & FINK,

620 Market Street,

Opp. Palace Hotel Entrance,

Merchant Tailors.

The Wasp

